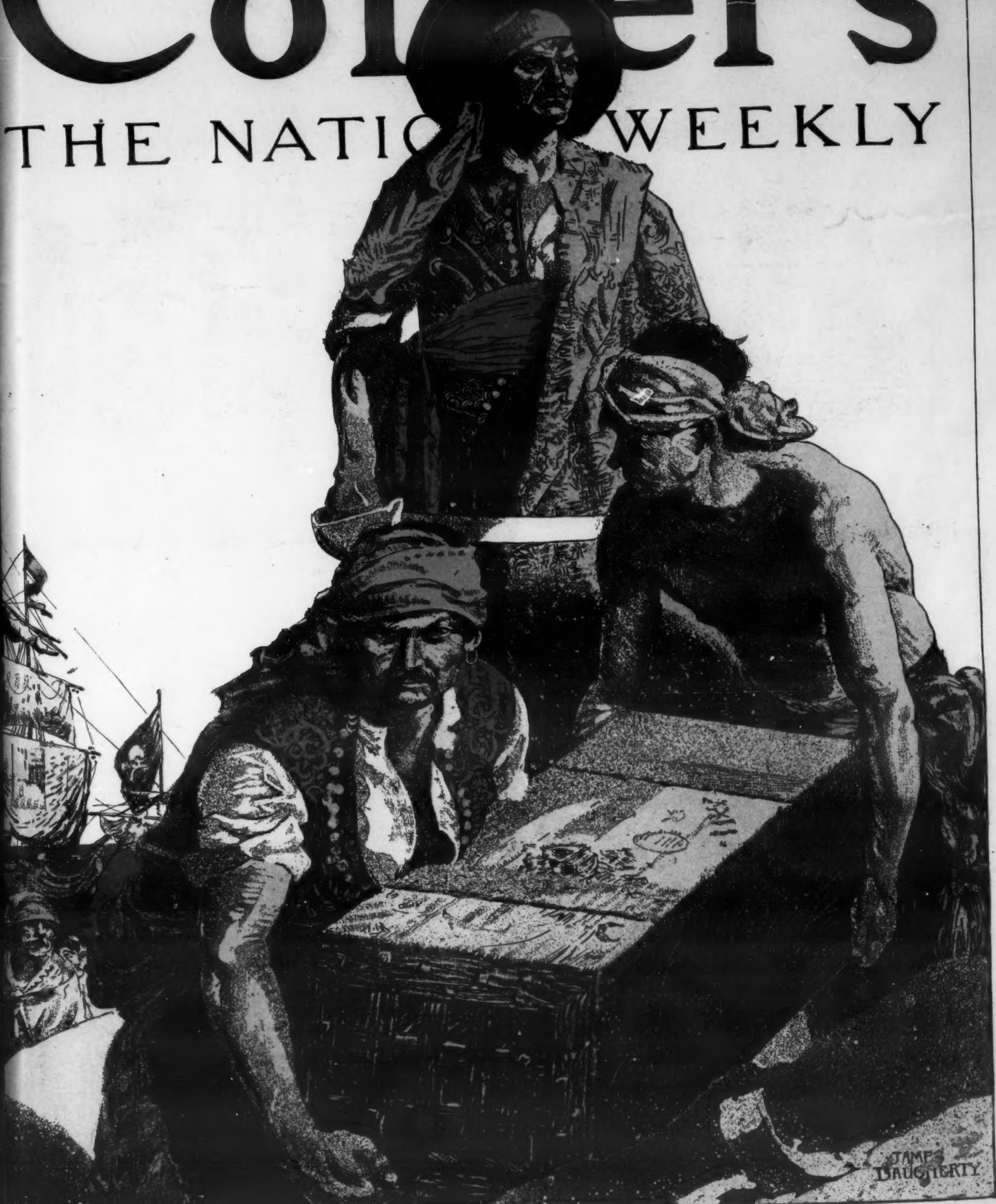


Brusky

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Pirate Treasure

VOL. XLVII NO. 26

SEPTEMBER 16, 1911

JAMES
DAUGHERTY



KUPPENHEIMER
IF your preference is for the English Sack—fashion's newest style, with its soft roll, Reflex front, its narrow shoulders and narrow sleeve effect, its semi-form-fitting exactness, you'd best insist upon a Kuppenheimer garment.

Our name is on every garment.

You'll not find its equal in style; no matter where you go—nor what you pay.

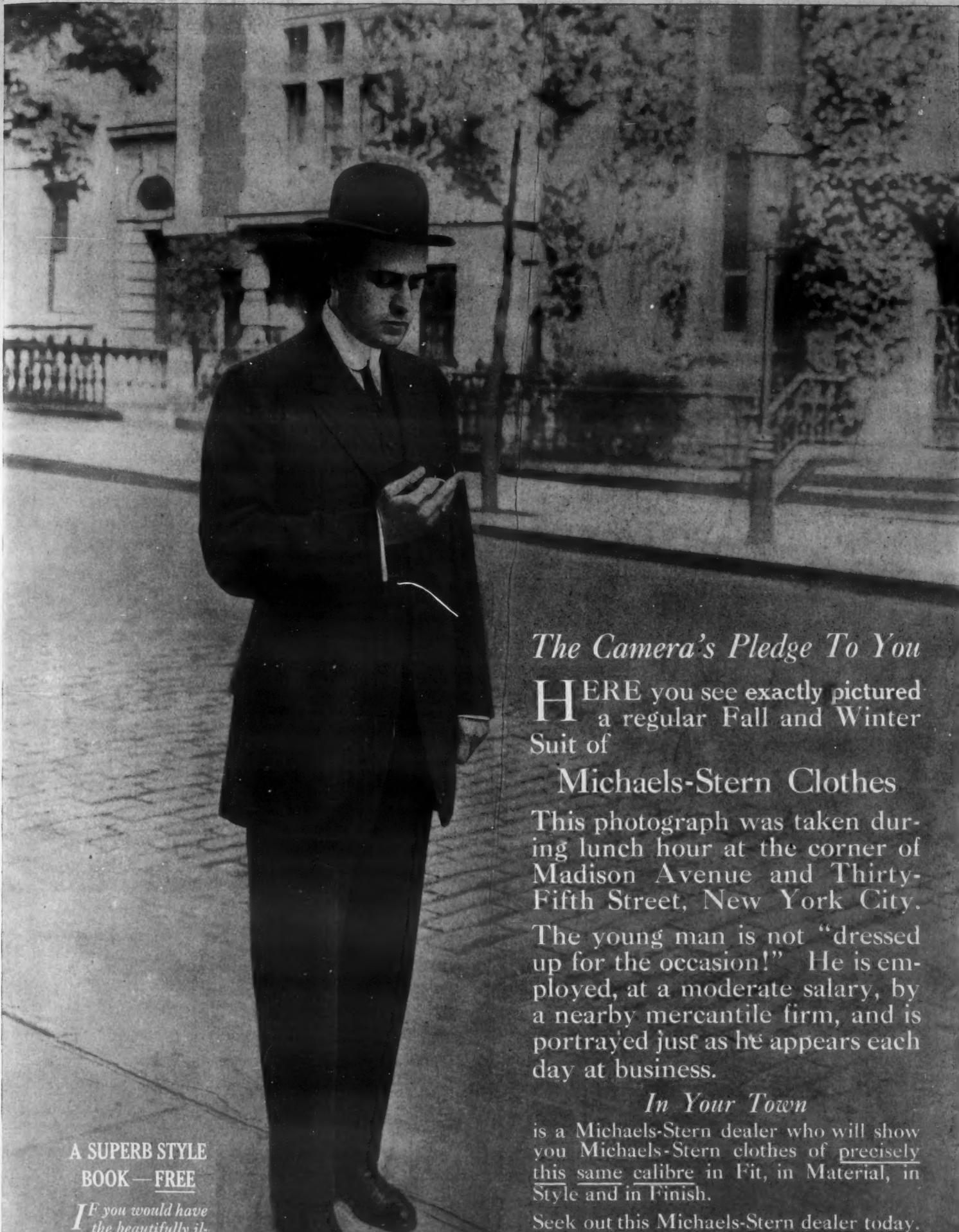
All the new Fall and Winter Kuppenheimer styles in suits and overcoats are now being shown by the better clothiers.

Send for our book, *Styles for Men*.

The House of Kuppenheimer
Chicago New York Boston



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**A SUPERB STYLE
BOOK—FREE**

If you would have the beautifully illustrated Michaels-Stern Book of Fall and Winter Styles for the season of 1911-1912 merely send your address to

MICHAELS, STERN & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing

The Camera's Pledge To You

HERE you see exactly pictured a regular Fall and Winter Suit of

Michaels-Stern Clothes

This photograph was taken during lunch hour at the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-Fifth Street, New York City.

The young man is not "dressed up for the occasion!" He is employed, at a moderate salary, by a nearby mercantile firm, and is portrayed just as he appears each day at business.

In Your Town

is a Michaels-Stern dealer who will show you Michaels-Stern clothes of precisely this same calibre in Fit, in Material, in Style and in Finish.

Seek out this Michaels-Stern dealer today. Then, with the fabric under your hand, you'll learn, too, of a further pledge which the camera does not adequately convey—the guarantee of satisfaction incorporated in the sterling quality of every Michaels-Stern garment.

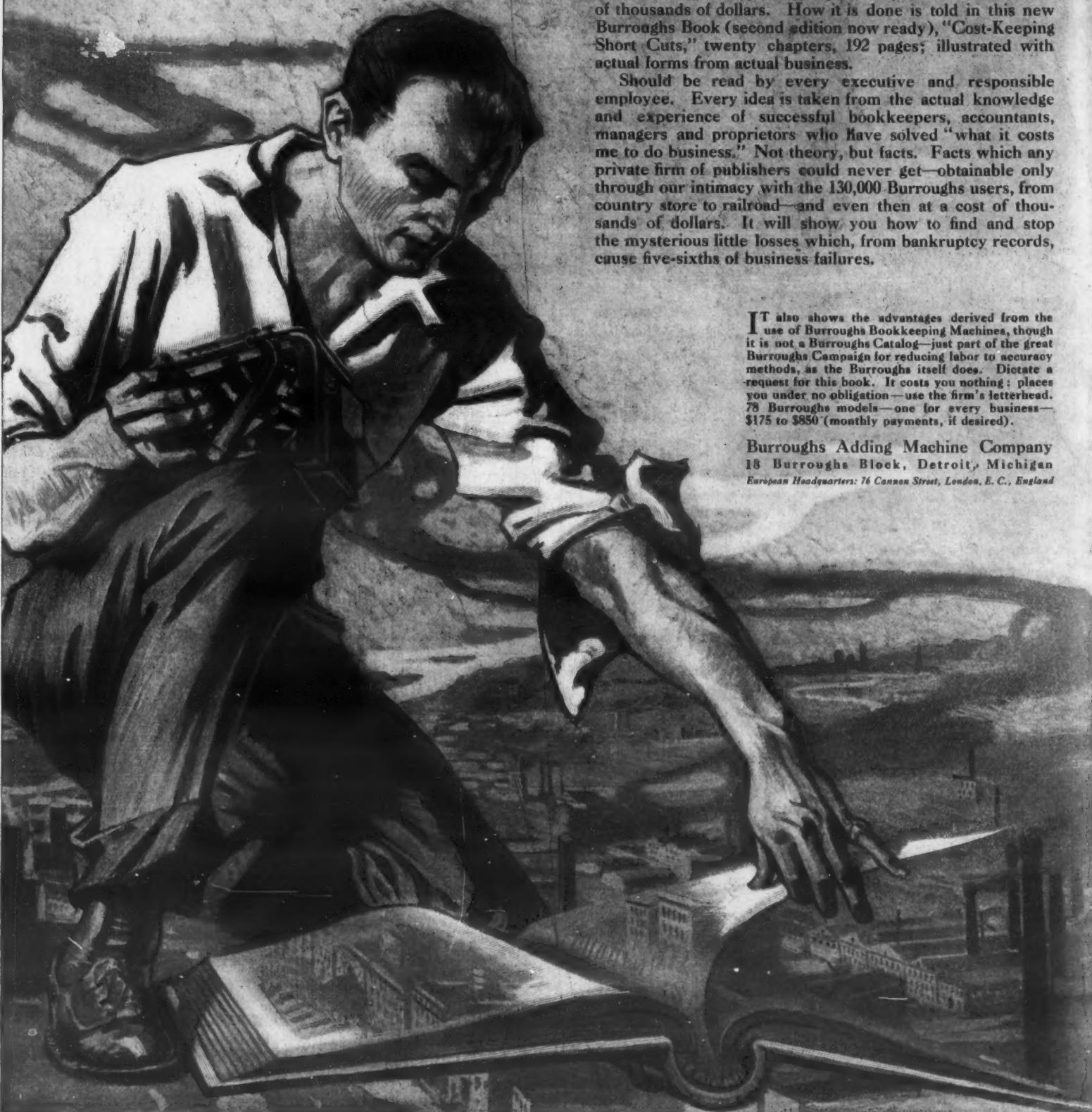
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Here is a Burroughs Book Free

Another Contribution to the Betterment of Business
and Another Evidence of Burroughs Supremacy.

Tells How To Find What It Costs You To Do Business

Burroughs has spent millions of dollars to show the American Business Man how to save time, work and worry in his office.



NINE out of ten men in the United States do not know what it costs them to do business. Most of the nine think they know; that is the tragedy of it. If you don't know, you are guessing; and successful business men avoid guessing. They watch the costs; the profits take care of themselves.

Knowing "how much it costs you to do business" is more than merely adding up running expenses and salaries. The science of it, developed by experience, has saved hundreds of thousands of dollars. How it is done is told in this new Burroughs Book (second edition now ready), "Cost-Keeping Short Cuts," twenty chapters, 192 pages; illustrated with actual forms from actual business.

Should be read by every executive and responsible employee. Every idea is taken from the actual knowledge and experience of successful bookkeepers, accountants, managers and proprietors who have solved "what it costs me to do business." Not theory, but facts. Facts which any private firm of publishers could never get—obtainable only through our intimacy with the 130,000 Burroughs users, from country store to railroad—and even then at a cost of thousands of dollars. It will show you how to find and stop the mysterious little losses which, from bankruptcy records, cause five-sixths of business failures.

IT also shows the advantages derived from the use of Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines, though it is not a Burroughs Catalog—just part of the great Burroughs Campaign for reducing labor to accuracy methods, as the Burroughs itself does. Dictate a request for this book. It costs you nothing; places you under no obligation—use the firm's letterhead. 78 Burroughs models—one for every business—\$175 to \$850 (monthly payments, if desired).

Burroughs Adding Machine Company
18 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan
European Headquarters: 16 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

For the safety
of the individual
and the nation



Send today.
for our handsome booklet
"The Revolver"
It's free on request.

SMITH & WESSON

Superior Revolvers



435 Stockbridge St.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



Owners Should Know

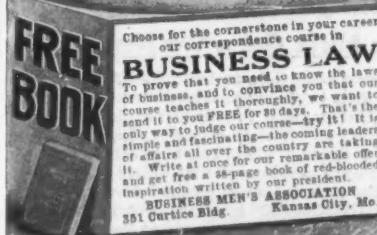
PANHARD OIL, because owners are deeply interested—they pay the bills. PANHARD OIL was produced to overcome friction scientifically. We have studied oils 35 years. The result of this practical lubricating experience has been put into PANHARD OIL. It will not carbonize if properly used. Don't merely ask for a "good lubricant"—say "PANHARD OIL" to the dealer—and insist on it. That's the safe and sure way to get a good oil. Sold in "Checkerboard" cans or in bulk.

My booklet "Motor Lubrication" will be deeply interesting to every man who cares for the welfare of his motor. It's free if you send the name of your dealer.

Dealers Write For "Help Sell" Plan.

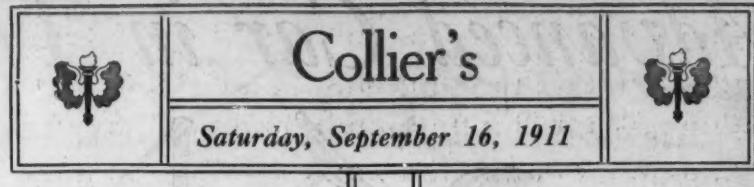
GEORGE A. HAWS, 79 Pine St., New York

**PANHARD
OIL**



New York State
College of Forestry
At SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

Tuition free to students who have resided in the state one year prior to matriculation. Term opens Sept. 19th. Inquire of Registrar.



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VOLUME XLVII

NUMBER 26

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont.; The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green St., Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1911 by P. F. Collier & Son. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British possessions, including Canada. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

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Records—And What?

Permanent Public Records are the foundation of present-day civilization. Wipe them all away—and what? Chaos, the like of which was never seen.

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Byron Weston Quality throughout
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DEFIANCE BOND has
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merit and standing as our
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The Paper Question is important to every business man. Our new Booklet F tells the story of Paper Making in interesting manner. Mailed on request.

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ESTABLISHED 1864

Mass.

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by ALLEN S. WILL

An absorbingly interesting narrative of the great Prelate's career. Historical; and of high value in revealing the Cardinal's aims and ideals.

It puts the reader into intimate touch with one of the foremost men of our age—a great Catholic and a great American. 425 pages, with 16 fine engravings. English cloth, gilt top, \$2.00 net.

**BEACON LIGHTS—
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Quotations for each day of the year. Red leather, gilt top, 192 pages, \$1.00 net.

WORDS OF WISDOM, TO THE PEOPLE
from the writings and speeches of Cardinal Gibbons, referring to State, Church, the family, politics, education and labor. Prepared under the direction of the faculty of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. Leather, gilt top, 192 pages, \$1.00 net.

Order from any book or department store, or direct from publishers.

John Murphy Co., 200 West Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

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Stereoscopes**

A wonderful opportunity to make big money entertaining the public. Large profits, showing in churches, school houses, lodges, theatres, etc. We supply the machines, furnishing complete outfit. No experience whatever is necessary. Write today and learn how. **Big Descriptive Catalogue Free.** The inventors of **Moving Picture Machines, Talking Machines, etc.**

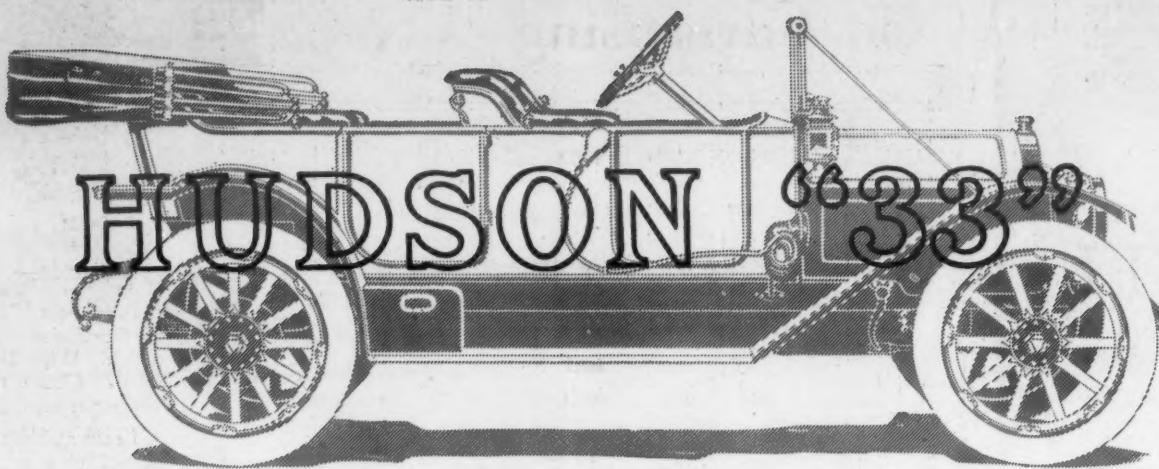
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THE HONE DOES IT

The D. & H. Hone and Stropper hones all makes of safety blades on a stone hone, finishes on a leather strop like the barber. At all dealers.

Price, \$3.00
Complete, prepaid
Send for catalog
A. C. HAYDEN & CO.
Brookton, Mass.

The One Advanced Car in Three Years



Four Models—\$1600 Each

The HUDSON "33" is furnished in four models: A Touring Car, a Torpedo, a Torpedo Roadster, and the Mile-a-Minute Roadster. All models except the last named have closed bodies, genuine mohair top and wind shield, Demountable Rims, extra rim, tire iron, 34 x 4-inch tires, highest grade black enameled lamps, Bosch magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank, tools, etc.

The Mile-a-Minute car has storm apron and 100-mile-an-hour Warner Auto-meter. Both Roadsters have luggage box on rear, around which extra inflated tire can be carried.

Examine Our Rival's Car, Too

We urge you to examine other cars as well as the HUDSON "33."

It would not be ethical to reprint here a page from a rival's catalog which illustrates the motor and chassis of his car. Yet if we should do that it would show a convincing reason why you should choose the simple, accessible HUDSON "33."

If you can't find it convenient to personally examine many cars, get catalogs and compare the illustrations. Lay the cuts of the motors side by side and note how much more complicated all are as compared to the motor of the "33."

In other cars there is a jumble of rods, wires, exposed mechanism and other mechanical obstructions that are difficult to understand and that collect dust and render vital parts inaccessible. You don't need to be an automobile expert to see this. Now look at the HUDSON "33." It presents no such confusion. All rods are out of the way. All moving parts are protected so that dust will never reach them. There is no part of the motor or other portion of the car that is not easily accessible.

The HUDSON "33" has some 900 fewer parts than are used on the average car.

This is but one example of its greater simplicity. By comparing with other cars or with the illustrations in the catalogs you can easily check off the many other features of advancement that are exclusive with the HUDSON "33."

The Dollar Value of Simplicity

You immediately recognize that in eliminating these 900 parts we can put the money thus saved into bettering the quality of the parts that are used. That is why experts do not compare the HUDSON "33" with other cars selling within its price range—between \$1400 and \$2000—but with cars which sell above \$2500.

We have developed factory economy to as high a state as has any manufacturer. Our volume in the number of cars produced is among the largest. We know that in these directions it is impossible to bring price down and quality up in the same degree as shown in the "33." The

only way it can be accomplished is just as it has been in this case—by eliminating the number of parts used.

No other automobile is so simple as the HUDSON "33"; therefore, we say, no other car of such quality can be sold under \$2500.

What It Means in Repair Charges

Most repair expense is for the time required to remove the obstructions that interfere with free access to the part needing attention and for the replacing of those rods and wires and other things after the repair has been made. At 60 cents an hour—the minimum charge for such service—you can understand what this means when four or five hours must be consumed in removing and in replacing parts in order to make an adjustment that, were it not for the intricacy of the car, could be made in a few minutes. You save all such expense and annoyance if you own a HUDSON "33." It is accessible in every detail.

The Dust Proof Idea

Dust and sand cut the finest bearings. No amount of wear is so destructive. Note what provision has been made in other cars for protecting moving parts and then look at these details on the HUDSON "33." HUDSON valves are enclosed. Dust never gets into their mechanism. Thus they do not become noisy. Every moving part is fully protected and that means long service. It means a greater operating economy.

Greater Value This Year Than Last

Experience with thousands of cars, in addition to establishing the correctness of design and sufficiency of materials, has shown us how to add to comfort, simplicity and value.

It has given practice to our workmen with the result that they do their work more skilfully. This means quieter operation and longer service for the car.

In the matter of tires, for instance—the most costly single item entering into the operation of an automobile—we have in the 1912 model assured greater economy.

Last year we furnished 34 x 3 1/2-inch tires, a size tire makers say is large enough for a car of the weight of the HUDSON "33." This year to assure longer service, we are using 34 x 4-inch tires.

To reduce all annoyance of delays and work on the road, the "33" is this year furnished with Demountable Rims. Fear of punctures need no longer concern you, for

a ready-inflated tire can be substituted so easily that a woman can make the change in five minutes.

Wider, deeper and softer seats with higher backs are furnished. The springs are a trifle longer and therefore more flexible. In hundreds of little things we have added a touch of simplicity and of elegance that increases greatly the unequalled value you obtain in the HUDSON "33."

Control levers are located inside and are operated by the right hand, yet do not interfere with the driver's knees, which is a common fault with most cars that have inside controls.

Equipment is Included

Last year we quoted the car stripped, selling the top, magneto, and Prest-O-Lite tank as extras at \$150. This year these things with the Demountable Rims, larger tires, heavier, larger lamps, etc., are listed with the car. With the same equipment as is this year furnished regularly, to say nothing of the much greater value of this year's model, the 1911 car cost \$1630.

All 1912 models sell at \$1600.

When you get the 1912 HUDSON "33," it is equipped ready for complete and satisfactory service. Even the license number holders and tire irons are in place.

We Have Spent Lavishly

No expense has been spared in making the 1912 HUDSON "33" all that could be desired in every particular. The best of everything has been used. We were generous in this respect with the 1911 model.

This season we are even more particular as to the quality of materials and the way they are assembled. You can't see just how we have added to this quality except by the perfect and long operation of the car.

You can see, however, by a mere glance, that a better quality of equipment is furnished than you ordinarily find on cars selling under \$2500. The lamps are the same as are used on one of the highest priced American cars. The upholstering is carefully selected. The paint is of the highest quality. All the details that contribute to convenience and long inexpensive service are there. We have a perfected system of carburetion by which greater mileage is secured from each gallon of gasoline. The larger tires assure lower operating cost.

You Might Get a Car Now

We have never been able to build the "33" as fast as the demand requires. All dealers are constantly clamoring for more cars. But perhaps your dealer could, if you see him promptly, get you an early delivery. Last spring we were 2000 cars oversold. There has not been a day since the 1912 models were announced that orders on hand did not exceed all the cars we could produce in two months. So if you get a HUDSON "33" it will be because the dealer has foreseen the situation and has a car on hand in expectation of just such a demand.

If you don't know the dealer nearest you, write for his address and for portfolio in colors of models, details, etc.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7134 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Better and Easier Cooking

A Big Saving in Fuel

Because of the scientific construction of the heat circulating flues—insuring an even distribution—Jewel Steel Ranges cook and bake better than any other kind. The large fire boxes, the drop oven doors, the pouch feed (which allows feeding fuel without removing covers), the large ash-pit, and the oven thermometer insure easier cooking—greater convenience.

The double asbestos lined walls insure a perfect heating body and secure the greatest value from the heat consumed.

"JEWEL" STOVES

Over 4,000,000 in use

With their plain, neat, smooth finish castings and beautiful nickel ornaments are the pride of thousands of American housewives.

Over 1,000 styles of Jewel Stoves and Ranges to select from—one to meet your most exacting requirements. Over 10,000 dealers sell and guarantee Jewel Stoves. See them at your dealers, and buy a Jewel and save fuel.

Big Stove Book Free

Write today for our illustrated book. It explains the many points of Jewel supremacy.

DETROIT STOVE WORKS
(Largest Stove Plant in the World)
Detroit Dept. Z Chicago



Rémo Gem

Not Imitations

The greatest triumph of the electric furnace—a marvelously reconstructed gem. Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing, fire and acid like a diamond. Has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14 Karat Solid gold mountings. 1-30th the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—will cut glass. Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De-Luxe Jewel Book—it's free for the asking. Address—

Remoh Jewelry Co.
543 N. Broadway
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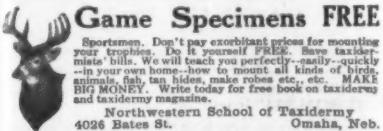
Without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and mail order offers on highest grade 1919 model bicycles.

Factory Prices Do not buy a bicycle at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

Rider Agents Everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

TIME—Water—Brake rear wheels. Laminated frames and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. L-54, CHICAGO



Game Specimens FREE

Sportsmen. Don't pay exorbitant prices for mounting your specimens. If you send us \$2.50, we will taxidermize your specimens. We will taxidermize perfectly—especially—in your own home—how to mount all kinds of birds, animals, fish, tan hides, make robes etc., etc. MAKE YOUR OWN TAXIDERMIST. Send for free book on Taxidermy and Taxidermy magazine.

NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
4026 Bates St. Omaha, Neb.

ROUND THE WORLD

Not over 13 members in each party. **WITH CLARK** Exceptional interesting lectures. Oct. 21, 1919, with North China (few vacancies). Others Nov. 18, Dec. 9, Jan. 20.

Cost \$1,600 to \$2,750

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., NEW YORK
Sept. 16

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 36

IN this issue appears a notable concentration of men's wear advertising

—eleven full-page advertisements.

I am pleased at this showing. I feel that the advertising department of Collier's has done a very important work—important for Collier's, important for the advertiser and, most of all, important for the reader

—for this triple relation of ours is a real alliance, an alliance that is mutually inclusive and mutually beneficial.

I am proud of this work for the reason that concentration means a saving of energy, an increase in forcefulness and a maximum of attention. Concentration is one of the fundamental principles in life and business.

All this is the more important as every reader knows that only responsible advertising is admitted to Collier's.

T. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department



The Man Who Knows Watches

HERE is an instance of what **South Bend Watches** do.

Engineer Floyd of the Twentieth Century Limited carries a South Bend Watch.

Floyd's watch has run steadily for five months and has varied but 14 seconds—not enough variation to detect on the minute hand.

And this railroad test is one that few watches can stand. For an engine cab sways, jolts, pounds and vibrates as nothing else does. A watch that will remain accurate under conditions like these will keep perfect time in your pocket. Don't you want "Engineer's time"?

The South Bend Watch that this engineer uses is called "The Studebaker." You can get a South Bend Watch in a solid gold case for \$75—or in less expensive gold filled and other cases at very reasonable prices. But every South Bend Watch is a Master Timepiece. See them at your jeweler's.

South Bend

The Master Timepiece



Write for the free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells all about the South Bend. How it gets 411 inspections. Why it takes from six months to a year to make each watch, and other interesting things that prove South Bend superiority. Send us a postal today. (70)

THE SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
Dept. 136
South Bend, Ind.



Cleanse the face thoroughly

Restore the smooth texture of the skin

Sunburn

How to rebuild skin burned by the summer's sun

This fall, to have a skin you can be proud of, you must remove the evil effects of sunburn.

Bathe the face and arms gently with a soft lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and rinse thoroughly in tepid water. Continue this night and morning for a week or two.

This treatment brings back the soft, smooth texture of the skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c. Nobody hesitates at the price after their first cake.



Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere

Automatic heat control



The most ingenious aid to perfect heating brought out in fifty years is an *all metal*, hermetically sealed copper bellows, filled with a liquid which greatly expands and contracts under heat or cold, serving as a constant force to automatically open or close the draft and check dampers of any boiler or furnace.

It's like a thermometer—but with power. A dial attachment enables any member of the family to fix at will the temperature of the house at 70° (or at any other degree between 60° and 80° as may be preferred, at night, during illness, while family is temporarily away, etc.)

IDEAL SYLPHON Regitherm

is easily made part of any heating outfit—nothing about it to wear out—will last as long as the house. Saves any running up and down cellar to adjust dampers to meet the many weather changes. Protects the health because of uniform heat, and quickly repays its low cost through fuel savings.



Air Valves and other simple, clever devices which bring about ideal heating results at lowest upkeep costs.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Write Dept. K CHICAGO
Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators



The Automobile

By GEORGE FITCH

"A Swift Sketch of the Machine's Development in Speed, Expense, and Deadliness, from its Milk-Teeth Days to 100 Miles an Hour and \$1,000 a Minute—Pedestrians a Growing Nuisance."

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
416 W. 13th St., New York City

Agent for Canada: W. M. BRIGGS, 99 Richmond St. W., Toronto

WHITE VALLEY GEMS
See Them BEFORE Paying!
These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Same as clear fine moon stones. So hard as to only scratch a file. All cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure. **WHITE VALLEY GEM CO.**, Dept. K, 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

BIG MONEY FOR YOU

Selling our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Nice, pleasant business. Write today for free sample and full particulars.

METALLIC SIGNS LETTER CO., 418 North Clark Street, Chicago

HONEST MAN OR WOMAN WANTED
in every town to represent well-known wholesale firms. Experience unnecessary. Must furnish good references. Easy, pleasant work. Fair salary to start. **McLEAN, BLACK & CO.**, 351 Duty Building, Boston, Mass.

Story - Writing
and JOURNALISM taught
by mail; MSS. revised and sold on commission. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit"; tells how; gives proof. **The National Press Association**, 54 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

8

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

AGENTS WANTED

MANAGER WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND county to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

WHY WORK FOR THE "OTHER" FELLOW when we offer you a chance to start in business for yourself. No money or experience necessary. We furnish samples and all accessories free. Guarantee our goods. Write to-day. The Fidelity Tailors, 651 S. 5th Ave., Chicago.

ENGLISH SLIP-ON RAINCOATS AND BELLE-VUE RUBBER APRONS. All the rage. Our agents are making big money. Only live representatives wanted. Write once for particulars. Bradford Rubber Co., Cambridge, Mass.

"DOLLARS, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE." from a bunch of letters by successful agents together with 25 cent sample Triumph Fruit Jar Wrench, all for 10 cents, to live agents who write today. Benjamin P. Forbes, 16 Beckman Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES, BIG PROFITS. new ironing wax perfumes clothes with lasting violet perfume. Nothing like it on market, exclusive territory given. Perfume Gloss Co., 18 Water St., New York.

SIGN PAINTING AGENTS. 1000% PROFIT. Best and Cheapest Window Letter made. Easels mounted. Outfit Free. Success positively guaranteed. Embossed Letter Co., 2601 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

WANTED HUSTLING AGENTS TO SELL THE "New Idea" Sanitary wire twisted brushes. Our agents make large commissions. Write us for particulars. Excellent territory now open. D. L. Silver & Co., Clayton, N.J.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—HIGHEST QUALITY portraits; very best made at lowest prices; pillows, lamps, pictures and frames. Sample catalog free. F. Welch Portrait Co., 521 New Era Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

CORSET AGENTS WANTED (HIGH GRADE) to sell "Made to Measure" La Belto Corsets. Produces straight front effect unequalled for stout women. Front or back lace. 37 nos. Prompt shipments—prepaid. Write today. M. & K. Corset Co., 223 Mech. St., Jackson, Mich.

STATE AND COUNTY AGENTS FOR THE only five year guaranteed Vacuum Cleaner made; portraits for \$14; business pays for itself out of profits; no canvassing; free trial; write today. Hercules Cleaner Co., Dept. O, Rochester, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLE GOES WITH FIRST LETTER. Something new. Every firm wants it. Orders \$1.00 to \$100. Big demand everywhere. Nice pleasant business. Write at once. Metallic Sign Co., 432 N. Clark, Chicago.

A GOOD AGENT WANTED IN EVERY TOWN to represent an old established life insurance company that makes a specialty of temperance risks; low rates and liberal contract to capable man. Address S. Wilson, Room No. 503, 253 Broadway, New York.

TAILORING SALESMEN WANTED TO TAKE orders for our Guaranteed Blade to Order Clothes. Suits—\$10 up. No capital required. Write today for Territory and Complete equipment. Address Warrington W. & J. Mills, 172 West Adams St., Department 422, Chicago, Ill.

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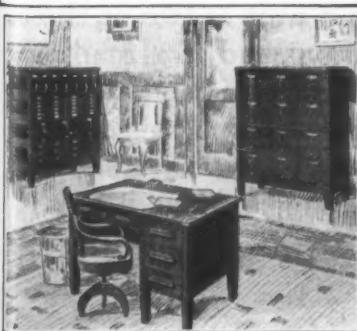
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, September 16, 1911

The Newest Engine of War

By SIR HIRAM MAXIM

In the Editorial Bulletin of the issue of September 2 we announced a number of important articles on aviation, including "The New World," by Richard Harding Davis, which appears on another page in this issue. In next week's Collier's Sir Hiram Maxim will discuss "The Newest Engine of War." Already the United States naval authorities have perfected a gun for use against attacking aeroplanes and other governments are utilizing every resource to provide methods of defense against this new machine of destruction. In spite of these efforts, however, Sir Hiram Maxim is of the opinion that the aeroplane "is the most potent instrument of destruction ever invented," and in his article he gives many reasons for this sweeping statement.

The Confessions of a Managing Editor

The "Confessions of a Managing Editor" is a real confession from a real individual. He had ten years' service as editorial head of a newspaper run on "commercial" lines—a newspaper which publicly boasted that it led its clientele toward higher things, and privately never failed to do the thing which would pull in advertising and maintain cordial relations with the financial powers in its home city. Some of the intrigues and little games related in this autobiography will be news to the public—as when this paper made a scare-head "story" about a little fire in a department store in order that it might advertise next day "great fire sale." To put it in the words of the author:

"One day ten years ago, after an office shake-up, the publisher of a newspaper on which I was then reporting called me into his private office and said:

"I've decided to make you managing editor."

"I stammered a grateful thanks.

"Little knowing then what obstacles were before me, I at once set out on my pilgrimage. For a while I freely walked an open road. Then, at the next turn, suddenly I found myself face to face with a Giant Despair. It is of this Giant that I am now led to write, not because I see in my own ten years an extraordinary adventure, but because my experience is, in one way or another, the experience of numberless other managing editors throughout the country. I refer in particular to the conditions under which I get out a newspaper. I take my orders, so to speak, from the business office. I shall show how it works out, not only for the managing editor, but for the readers, for the advertisers, and for the public in general."

The Serpent and Mr. Hendry's Heavens

A STORY BY STANLEY R. OSBORN

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS WIDNEY

In Onoatoa it is believed that the heavens once muffled the earth like a bed quilt. Then the Serpent came and pushed the sky up with his nose, broadening the horizon and letting in sunshine and life. Onoatoa is a speck of coral under the Pacific equator; of no consequence in this story, or anywhere else. But for all that, in the greatest centers of civilization, from the time of Mother Eve until the present day, it has been likewise generally believed that the Serpent has raised the heavens for many persons, and broadened their horizon, and let in motor cars and other desirable things, and made life nice and sunny and livable for them."

Thus begins the story which will appear in next week's Collier's. It tells of the pilgrimage of a discouraged New England man to the Pacific Isles and of the final boost which his Serpent gave the heavens

The Vacation Prize Contest

First Prize \$100 : : : Second Prize \$50

All Other Accepted Manuscripts \$25

We have announced another Vacation Prize Contest under the same conditions as the one held last year. One hundred dollars will be paid for the best manuscript of a thousand words or less, describing an actual vacation experience; \$50 will be the second prize, and \$25 will go to the writer of every other manuscript we accept. Contributions must be mailed before November 1; and while we anticipate an even greater response to this contest than to those of the past three years, every manuscript will be carefully read by the judges, and the prizes will be announced before the end of the year. Contributors are urged not to roll their manuscripts and, if it is possible, to have them typewritten. We are especially anxious to secure a few good photographs in connection with each manuscript. On its back every photograph should be described and the name and address of the sender should also be written. The article and the photographs should be sent in the same envelope and should be addressed to the Vacation Editor, Collier's, 416 West 13th Street, New York City. The manuscripts MUST be limited to one thousand words.

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Of course it is devoted primarily to describing the scope and breadth of the Five-Foot Shelf, to explaining from Dr. Eliot's own point of view just what his selection of books and authors means, to showing why, in the opinion of the foremost educators and students of the English-speaking world, The Harvard Classics in their entirety are what one man has called "the greatest literary and educational achievement of modern times"—but beyond this it is just a simple little volume to delight the book lover's heart.

It is not a mere catalogue of titles and authors, but is a chatty, readable summary, telling why certain authors and certain works were chosen and going into a discussion of those authors and their works. It is a book full of literary suggestion and usefulness. Showing as it does a consensus of trained opinion as to the finest volumes of the world's literature and history—for it represents the views, not only of Dr. Eliot, but of a distinguished group of fellow-educators—it should prove a wonderful service in the library of any reader. In itself it is a literary guide and summary of a character that no book lover can afford to neglect.

The booklet is technically a form of advertising matter—and for this reason we can not sell it. We have decided, however, that every book lover should have an opportunity to possess a copy. Hence this offer. And as the true lover of books can not help but be interested in The Harvard Classics themselves we are confident that we shall be more than repaid for our philanthropy, in dollars and cents, by spreading broadcast this thoroughly adequate description and explanation of what the Five-Foot Shelf of Books really is.

Every mail brings us inquiries about these booklets, from all over the world. Our policy is to answer each and every request at once, in the order received. As long as this edition lasts we shall be able to mail the books punctually, but when it gives out there will necessarily be a wait of two or three weeks before we can have the next edition ready for mailing.

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The Five-Foot Shelf of Books

A Personal Definitive Statement by Dr. Eliot Himself

Some years ago I chanced to say that a three-foot shelf would hold good books enough to give a liberal education to any one who would read them with devotion, even if he could give but ten minutes a day to the task. This remark brought me a considerable number of letters, demanding a list of those books. I made several efforts to make the list, but soon discovered that it was a serious undertaking, and that I had no time for it. Subsequently I saw reason to lengthen the shelf to five feet, but made very little progress toward a definite selection.

Then I received through Mr. Norman Hapgood a proposal from the firm of P. F. Collier & Son that I undertake to make a selection of fifty volumes, of from four hundred to four hundred and fifty pages each, which would fill my five-foot shelf and be well adapted to accomplish the educational object I had in mind. I was invited to assume the entire responsibility of the selection as regards both inclusion and exclusion, and I was to be provided with a competent assistant of my own choice. In February I accepted the proposals of the publishers, and secured the services of Dr. William A. Neilson, Professor of English in Harvard University, as my assistant.

The work immediately proved to be very interesting, but also to present a large number of unexpected difficulties, some of which, though almost mechanical, were insurmountable. Thus, the English Bible could not be included as a whole, first, because it was too long, and secondly, because it was already in possession of nearly every household. Similar considerations excluded Shakespeare as a whole. It has, however, been possible to include in the series selected books from the Bible and selected plays from Shakespeare. Many famous books proved too long to be included in the set; that is, they would have taken a disproportionate number of the fifty volumes. The works of living authors were excluded, because the verdict of the educated world has not yet been pronounced upon them; and finally, modern fiction was excluded as a whole, partly because of its great bulk, and partly because the good fiction is easily accessible and the reading of it seldom requires stimulation. On the other hand, it was clearly desirable to include an adequate representation of the scientific thought of the nineteenth century; but this task proved to be difficult, because much of the best scientific thought has not yet been given a literary form. Since the series is intended primarily for American readers, it

was natural to select for it a somewhat disproportionate amount of English and American Literature, and of documents and discussions relating to American history and to the development of American social and political ideas.

My aim was not to select the best fifty or best hundred books in the world, but to give in twenty-one thousand pages or thereabouts a picture of the progress of the human race within historical times, so far as that progress can be depicted through books.

Liberal education accomplishes two objects. It produces a liberal frame of mind, and it makes the studious and reflective recipient acquainted with the stream of the world's thought and feeling, and with the infinitely varied products of the human imagination. It was my hope and belief that fifty volumes of good reading might accomplish this result for any intelligent, ambitious, and persistent reader, whether his early opportunities for education had been large or small. Such was the educational purpose with which I undertook to edit The Harvard Classics, and I believe that a similar educational purpose actuated the publishers.

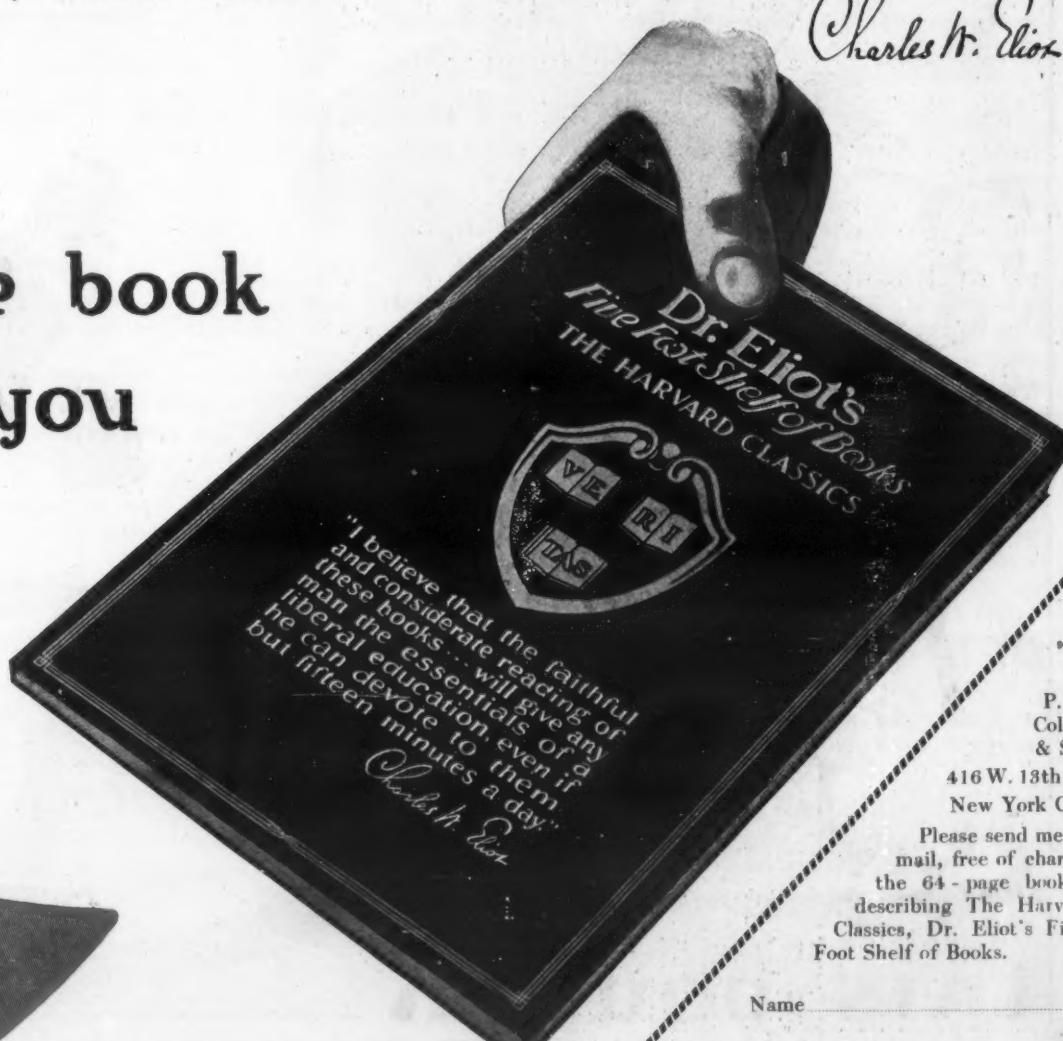
My participation in the project is not merely a nominal one. I have given it much time and thought, and as I have gone on in the work my appreciation of the novelty and interest of the undertaking has steadily risen.

To Professor Neilson has fallen the responsibility for all the introductions and notes, and for the choice among different editions of the same work. He has also offered many suggestions concerning available material. Both of us have obtained much valuable advice from scholarly friends and neighbors who are specialists each in some portion of the field we have been examining. Thus, we are under obligations to more than fifty Harvard professors and instructors, whose valuable advice was obtained on questions connected with their several specialties. It would have been impossible to perform our task if the treasures of the general library of Harvard University and of its department libraries had not been at our disposal. If our work proves to have been well done, the use of the title "The Harvard Classics" will be justified.

I regard the undertaking as a useful extension of my educational work, and I cherish the hope that the educated public will so regard it.

Charles H. Eliot

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P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

Vol. *xlvii*, No. 26

September 16, 1911

Creation

HERE IS A REGION within every one of us, a deep lake of peace, out from which flows all that is excellent in our work and striving. Up from it well, if we are music-makers, the harmonies and the binding together of sweet sounds. It is the home of poetry, of the long thoughts of youth, of the golden treasures of the arts. It is almost the only thing in life that does not lie within the reach of the will. We can quicken our activities, hasten our step, enlarge our muscles, and increase our knowledge, but the creative mood will not succumb to force or yet to gentle wooing. We can wrestle with the key-board, scribble out the brittle sentences, finger the brush or the chisel, for a month of days—and out from all the worried moods and writhing not one curve of beauty or any single loveliness of sound will come. Then on a haphazard day, when rapid light is on the face of the waters, or on some evening full of desire, all that has been a vagueness and a struggle of a sudden takes on shape and clothes itself in melody. On the wings of its flight we seem to climb out of space and out of time. In effectual strokes the dream comes true. Rhythm enters where lately there was discord. Then the rapture fades, and the cold day strikes, and we are returned again to levels of the uninspired.

A Fair Hearing

WHEN PROFESSOR EMERY, professor of economics at Yale and chairman of the Tariff Board, visited the president of the American Woolen Company about three weeks ago, some of our readers pointed to this incident, taken in connection with preceding ones, as indicating that the report when it comes will be a frame-up. One of them adds: "The one man connected with and doing the best work for the Tariff Board humbug was SAMUEL S. DALE, and he got out when he became convinced that the whole Tariff Board business was a farce." The reasons for Mr. DALE's resignation are not known to the public. He wished them to be known, but the Board did not see fit to publish his letter. Regarding the other point, we are not prepared to agree with our correspondents. When the Tariff Board does report it will be time enough to form an opinion about its freedom. If Professor EMERY and the other members are susceptible of undue influence from interested business men, from politicians, or even from the President himself, they are not the right persons for the extraordinarily difficult task. If, however, they are men entirely dominated by professional obligation and devoted to truth, they are doing quite the right thing in hearing with patient completeness the views of the American Woolen Company, or of any other company or well-informed individual on the controversy. It was a clever remark of WOODROW WILSON's, when he was asked whether he was a radical or a conservative, that he was a radical as regards his view of existing evils and a conservative as regards his selection of remedies. COLLIER's believes that the tariff is on the whole too high; that it has been shaped largely in the interests of the trusts; that the country demands not only a well-informed but a fearless correction, at least of its graft schedules; but all this is no reason for the Tariff Board to fail to listen to every single argument that can be put by the capitalists who imagine their welfare threatened.

The President, at the best, has a hard row ahead. Most of what the Insurgents lost over reciprocity they have made up over the tariff, although they seem determined to lose it again by continuing to fight reciprocity, and perhaps also, to judge from Mr. Houser's fulmination, by old-fashioned horror of the Democrats. Mr. TAFT has lost on wool a large part of what he gained with reciprocity, arbitration, and his recent Cabinet appointments. The fight to prevent his renomination will weaken his chances of reelection. CLARK and UNDERWOOD have scored on him heavily in discussion thus far. The best thing to help him is for his Tariff Board in December to give a report that Congress will accept. Next to that is to make the best possible appointments (notably of Secretary WILSON's successor), let the Insurgents alone, and earnestly help Congress to solve the situation in Alaska.

The Recall of Judges

THE OBJECTION to President TAFT's recall veto was very aptly stated by an experienced statesman, who pointed out that the judges in Massachusetts are appointed, and appointed for life, while those in Ohio are elected, and elected for only six years. He added: "Would Mr. TAFT have vetoed a provision like that in Ohio?" Certainly the difference between Ohio and Massachusetts is infinitely greater than that between

Ohio and the vetoed Arizona arrangement. Judges who are elected for short terms have to think not only of popular pleasure, but of machine satisfaction also, as the nominations are usually made by bosses. A judge who is appointed or elected for a long term, with a recall provision, is very much more independent than a judge who is elected for a short term without the recall provision.

Consolidation

CHARLES FOURIER, the French Socialist, predicted over a century ago the conditions which have grown out of the commercial co-operation of our day:

Civilization is tending to the formation of joint stock companies, which, under cover of certain legal privileges, dictate terms and conditions to labor, and arbitrarily exclude whomsoever they please. . . . Circumstances are tending toward the organization of the commercial classes into federal companies or affiliated monopolies, which . . . will reduce the middle and laboring classes to a state of commercial vassalage, and by the influence of combined action will become master of the productive industry of entire nations.

Many observant Americans are becoming more and more convinced of three things:

1. That there is permanent value in competition. To save competition, while acknowledging the necessity of consolidation, is one of the most difficult intellectual problems of the day.

2. That we can not safely have any industrial monopolies except those which are actually or in effect Government monopolies. The extent to which we shall go in the direction of Government monopoly is shrouded in the most complete doubt.

3. That under certain conditions even public service corporation monopolies ought to be superseded by Government monopolies. This third idea is more in its infancy than the others, but is about to grow.

The Alaskan resolution introduced by Senator LA FOLLETTE is the result of careful thought, by himself and by some of the men with whom he cooperates; it will be one of the big subjects of the next session, and it will focus the ideas we have summarized above.

A Good Man's Error

WOODROW WILSON has had a remarkable record since he came into national notice. He has succeeded as a man of action; and in expressing his opinion over a wide range of subjects he has been open-minded, candid, and at the same time accurate. The one remark of his which we have regretted to hear related to the Aldrich currency plan. He admitted that he had not studied the plan, but he expressed a distrust at anything bearing the name of ALDRICH. Now, this sort of rough-and-ready thinking is an error into which mankind falls rather naturally. But the currency question is an extremely important one, worthy of all the Governor's attention. We are inclined to think that he will admit that it is desirable for the financiers and their political representatives to cooperate with public opinion in solving the evils of our currency. There is no advantage in having those who work on the subject rebuked in advance. When Governor WILSON comes to study this subject we think he will decide that, while the reserves are centralized by the Aldrich plan, credit is decentralized. The very essence of the plan is that the control of credit which is now centralized in New York will be divided. Credit in any region of the country will be controlled by a local association affiliated with the central association. It is a possible conception that even a man who has been associated as closely with "the interests" as ALDRICH should take pride in solving a big national question for which he has some special qualifications, and a man of Governor WILSON's quality ought to look into the matter before he decides it.

Up to the States

UNFORTUNATE CONFLICTS and complications exist between Government and State functions in many respects. The regulation of food is one of them. Manufacturers are often put in a difficult position by the varying standards of different localities, and sometimes by the uncertainty about what the standards are. The higher the requirements of the National Government, and the more strictly they are enforced, the better in the long run will it be for business, because the States then will have nothing to do except to see that the generally accepted standards are actually carried out, and business men everywhere will then know what it is incumbent upon them to do. Hence one reason for a strong man in Secretary WILSON's place. It seems to us that State schools throughout the country would do well to under-

take the functions which have been so successfully undertaken by the State Normal School at Westfield, Massachusetts, as described in our issues of August 26 and September 2. Such an educational feat as that has its positive side, even more unmistakably than its negative side. It must be sure to point out what foods are undesirable, but it should also boldly proclaim those which are free from any objection, and are therefore of great value to the community, and when such an endorsement is given by an institution of high and independent standing it makes the very best basis for an extension of the food business. By undertaking this work, State schools will be of the utmost benefit to the consumer, and also to the business man.

What Is Purity?

THE EXTENT to which our National and State Governments will ultimately go in protecting the consumer can not be foretold, but it can safely be said that for a long time we shall be moving, however slowly, in the direction of more protection. First must come protection to health. The decision of the Supreme Court on the patent-medicine clause in the Pure Food Law makes it necessary to amend that law next winter. After health comes the question of forbidding branding which is intended to give an impression of a more expensive or desirable ingredient than is actually contained. As an example of this may be given the fact that certain companies which sell compounds containing a large amount of borax naturally feel aggrieved about those which, with practically no borax, call their products by some name indicating that they are borated. The manufacturers of actual borax products naturally desire that the label shall tell how much borax is contained. Doubtless we shall come some time to a condition of the public mind in which no fraudulent claim is permitted about ingredients whether or not the product is injurious to health.

Cost of Living

ON FEW SUBJECTS do people differ more in their ideas than on the cost of living. Any quotation of prices has to be taken with some caution, of course, as there are many fluctuations, and also as prices differ according to the shop at which the article is bought. We published recently the opinion of one citizen of California that prices in his neighborhood are too high. Another person interested in the subject in the same region protests and sends the following list of prices:

| | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| Potatoes, \$1.50 per ewt. | Apples, 4c. |
| Flour, \$3 per ewt. | Asparagus, 5c. to 7c. per lb. |
| Butter, 30c. per lb. | Cauliflower, 10c. per head. |
| Milk, 7c. to 8c. per quart. | Cabbages, 3c. to 8c. per head. |
| Eggs, 25c. a dozen. | Walnuts, 20c. per lb. |
| Apricots, 20c. 2-lb can. | Mexican beans, 5c. |
| Cherries, 8c. per lb. | Olive oil, 25c. to 50c. |
| Prunes, 6c. to 10c. per lb. | Cheese, 20c. to 25c. per lb. |
| Turkeys, 25c. to 30c. per lb. | Olives, 25c. to 50c. per quart. |
| Chickens (small), 40c. to 50c. | Wood, \$8 to \$9 per cord. |
| Chickens (large), 50c. to 90c. | Barley hay, \$10 a ton. |
| Oranges, 10c. to 50c. | Oat hay, \$12 a ton. |
| Grapefruit, 35c. to 50c. | Rolled barley, \$1.35 per ewt. |
| Sugar, 5½c. to 6½c. per lb. | Lumber, No. 1 com., \$21 to \$25 per M feet. |

Nothing is more important at present than the cost of living, and nothing interests the people more, but the difference of points of view is fairly expressed by the figures given by this observer, which are from ten to thirty per cent lower than those sent in to us by our other correspondent.

More Cost of Living

IN THOUGHTLESS ENTHUSIASM at the idea of buying potatoes at \$1.75 a bushel, we asked: "Who cares, then, what principles of economics are or are not involved?" The answer from Mr. RAINBOLT, a grocer—"Ouch! Get off my foot!"—makes it apparent that the middleman cares. Mr. RAINBOLT discourses on some services of the middleman which are recognized, such as the speedy and widespread distribution of perishable farm products and the maintenance of the stability of the market, so that the producer has "more than a mere gamble on which to spend his sweat." Agreed. It is, for example, one of the marvels of modern industrial organization that the big peach crop in Michigan this fall will not overstock the market because "the market" means the peach-hungry mouths in perhaps two dozen States. We choose, however, to take "the high cost of living" more seriously than our Indiana correspondent, who contemptuously describes it as an "old yellow-press pet buzzard."

One of our State papers has discovered that the high cost of living is caused by a few old women in its home market-place who are becoming immensely wealthy by selling cucumbers at hundreds, even thousands, of per cents profits; and, after great travail, it has once more reborn that marvelous creature, "producer direct to consumer" (who seems to belong back about the Stone Age), who is going to right everything, presumably, by sitting in his cave swapping a rabbit he has for, perhaps, an arrowhead his neighbor in the next cave has.

Our friend's criticism is that "the farmers' market" is too local, too unorganized, and too liable to glut or famine. He is optimist enough, however, to see that better times may be in sight:

The price-gap between the soil and the table will be lessened by exact methods, exact knowledge, organization throughout all members of society, and the consumer's contribution to this lessening will not be the least of them all.

In short, salvation via organized efficiency; but stated in somewhat general terms. There will be not one solution, but many, and wide discussion helps discussion.

Foremost Flies of Time

MEKER IS IN RIO BLANCO COUNTY, away up in the northwest corner of Colorado, beyond the Great Divide, in a splendid tang of mountains and canyons, seven thousand feet or so above the sea. Yellow Jacket Pass, Coyote Basin, and Burro Mountain are the names of some of the places round there. Within the memory of men still living one who went out into that country fairly took his life in his hands, yet the other evening Mrs. GENEVIEVE CHANDLER PHIPPS of Denver drove up to Meeker in her automobile. Mrs. PHIPPS and her party alighted and ordered rooms with baths. The clerk explained that Meeker was forty miles from a railroad and belonged to a generation which knew mule skinners better than chauffeurs and that they had no private baths. The automobilists were firm. Thereupon the clerk amiably suggested they might be accommodated at Steamboat Springs only one hundred and sixteen miles away; it was dark and stormy at the time, but that little speck of a car went sputtering off northeastward, buried in the furrows of those Titanic hills.

Automobiles and Highways

M R. LINTHICUM of Maryland introduced in the last Congress a bill to establish a Federal Highways Commission which should urge cooperation and joint action between the States and the Federal Government in constructing highways and regulating automobile travel. Unmistakably the present situation is unsatisfactory. The automobile is largely an interstate performer. A State which has comparatively few automobiles itself may have to keep up roads which are being battered to pieces by the automobiles of neighboring States. New Hampshire is an instance. The State is poor, its soil is such that roads are expensive to maintain, and the number of foreign automobiles engaged in knocking these roads to pieces is large. Some localities meet this unfair predicament by exacting tolls, which is perhaps reasonable as a temporary device. Undoubtedly, however, this is one of the matters in which closer co-operation is desirable. Mr. LINTHICUM's bill contains an idea which ought to bear fruit.

Give and Take

HERE IS SOMETHING RATHER RICH. The "American Journal of Clinical Medicine" has been sending a letter to doctors. The letters open thus: "The advertising of Postum and Grape Nuts has been appearing in 'Clinical Medicine' for the past ten years." Later in the letter appears this request: "Will you cooperate to the extent of giving us your opinion of these products?" It seems to us that, on every principle of give and take, the advertising of Postum and Grape Nuts ought to continue to appear in the "American Journal of Clinical Medicine" for the next thousand years.

The National Game

A PITCHER LIKE ADAMS of Pittsburgh is more interesting to watch than MARQUARD or JOHNSON, as judgment is more interesting than muscle. TINKER, WAGNER, COBB, and many others combine with the necessary physical basis of their excellence qualities of temperament which are in themselves attractive; and this class seems to be proportionately on the increase. A champion team like the old Buffaloes is not as characteristic of to-day as the more quick-witted Athletics or Cubs.

Form changes rapidly; it may change even in a few days; but as we skid to press the All-America Team looks like this: Catcher, ARCHER; Pitchers, RUCKER, MARQUARD, WALSH, JOHNSON, and ALEXANDER; First Base, CHASE; Second Base, COLLINS or LAJOIE; Third Base, BAKER, LORD or LOBERT; Short-stop, WAGNER. COBB goes into the outfield, of course, as the foremost player of his day, if not of all time. For the other places please suit yourself. We should suggest two of these: SCHULTE, CLARKE, JACKSON, SPEAKER, CRAWFORD, MURPHY, MAGEE.

Provincialism, by the way, is a deplorable weakness in a paper which has the insolence to call itself the National Weekly. Says a "Constant Reader":

In the past year you have had a lot to say about baseball, but in all the historical and critical discussion I have seen no mention of the town which stands preeminent in the point of manifested infatuation for the national game. It is possible you never have heard of Index, Snohomish County, State of Washington. Its exact geographical and topographical location can only be stated in terms of latitude, longitude, and altitude, but it is well worth your time to search it out definitely enough to send an IRWIN or other expert to the place. In an amphitheater hewed out of the mountainside the game is played and fanned with a gusto that is unequalled. H. J. MILLER is a busy millman who flits about under the urge of business, but he always finds time to send a transcription from the record to the local paper. This is read, criticized, and approved or corrected by the people of Index in mass-meeting, and then the report goes into the local archives.

Most baseball writers, in seeking burlesque heroic language, make their extravagance merely flat. Not so the essayist of Index. He has style.

In the third the fireworks began—the fireworks that could always be avoided if we had just one man in the infield with mental acumen enough to get the ball, bury it in the sand, and sit on it until the crowd cooled off.

Our boys made an insensate kick, and committed a tactical blunder by opposing DEAN's pitching, while they ought to have got right to his scalp while he was unarmed.

Hereafter those who gibe the wonderful great-grandfather of baseball must be chary of their noise.

Out in the edge of the woods the fans who were sitting in the shade either scattered like quail or hid behind the towering firs.

What is the difference between a genuine and a factitious style in any species of writing? It is in no small degree a matter of conviction; and the Homer of Index, while amused, is excitedly convinced.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



The American Defender, Dixie IV, Winning the Harmsworth Trophy at Huntington, Long Island

In the first race of the series of International motor boat races on September 4, Dixie IV went four times over the triangular course of 7 1-2 miles in 51 minutes 15 seconds, making a new record for boats under 40 feet in length. She averaged 35.12 nautical or 40.38 statute miles an hour. Pioneer, owned by the Duke of Westminister, was second in the race, finishing 59 seconds after Dixie. The two other American boats finished, but Maple Leaf III and Tyreless III, the English boats, dropped out of the race, and so were disqualified. On the following day Dixie won again, thus keeping the trophy on this side of the Atlantic for another year.



WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



A row of damaged cottages on Sullivan's Island, seven miles east of Charleston, South Carolina

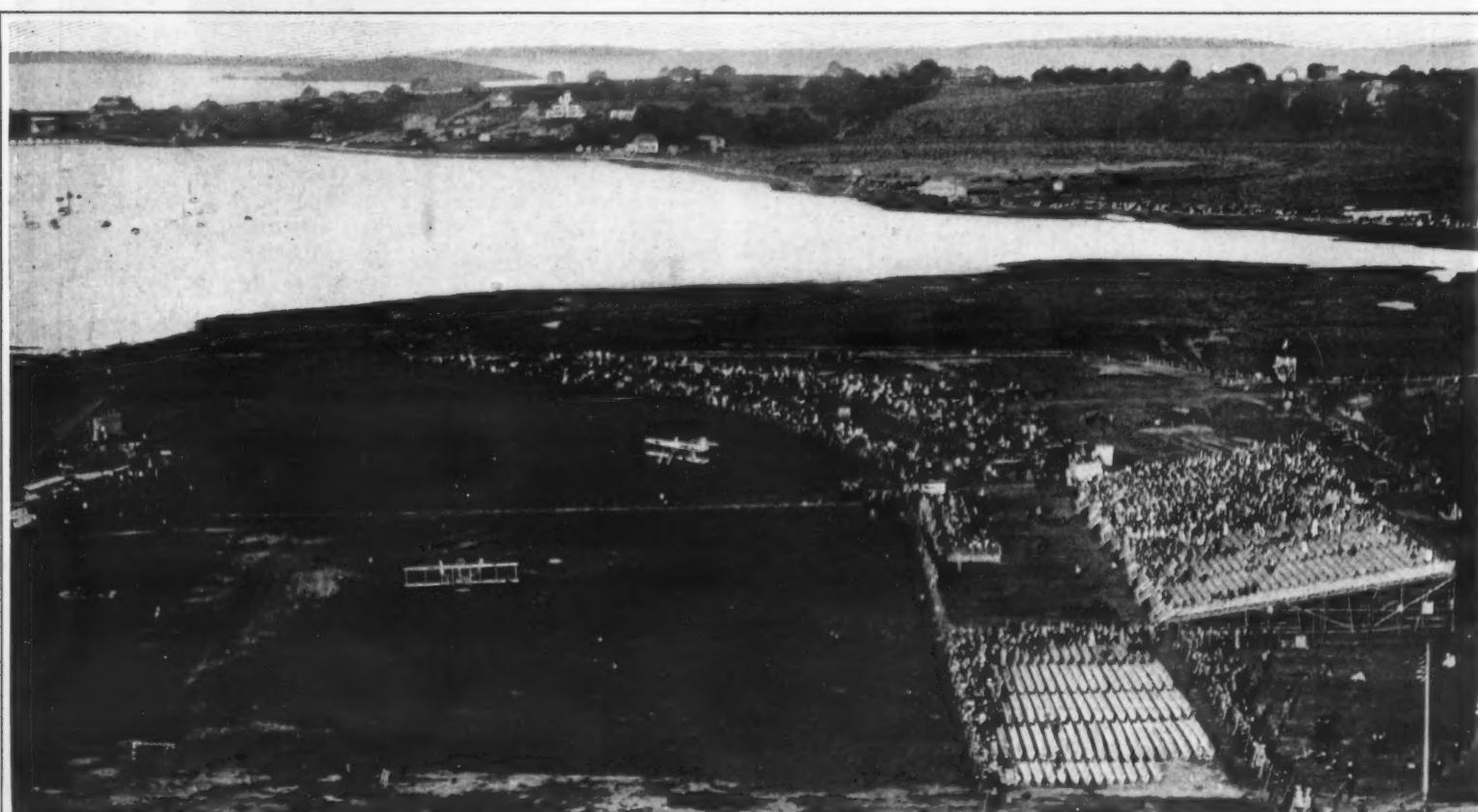


A view along the water-front after the storm



The wreckage of an oyster factory, and the Columbia Yacht Club pier

The storm which struck Charleston, on Sunday, August 27, lasted more than thirty-six hours, caused a \$1,000,000 property loss and the death of fifteen people. The entire Carolina coast was storm-swept, and the telegraph and telephone systems were crippled. The storm drove six torpedo boats ashore and caused a \$20,000 damage in the Charleston Navy-Yard. The loss in the crops of Sea Island cotton was very great, and following upon the storm of October, 1910, will be disastrous to that industry.



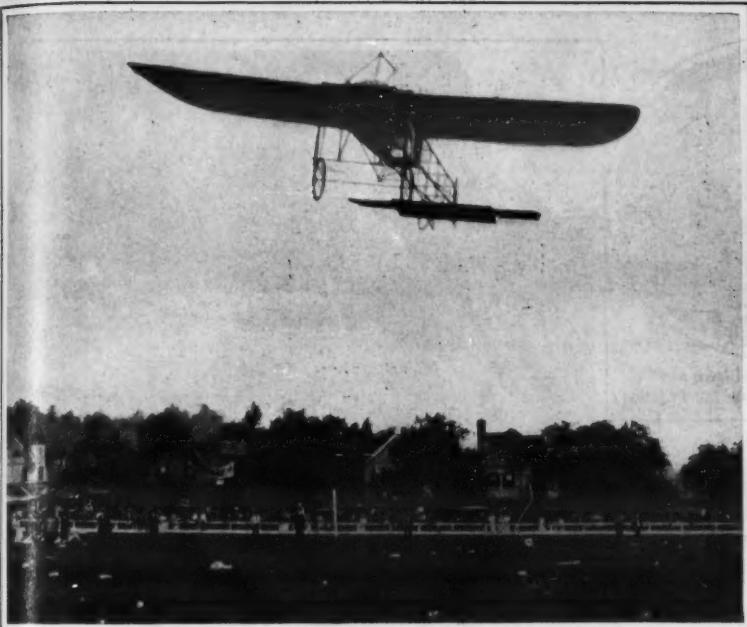
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View of the Aviation Field and Dorchester Bay, Photographed from Howard Gill's Machine During the Harvard-Boston Aviation Meet

This photograph was taken at a height of 1,200 feet while the aeroplane was traveling at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. On Labor Day Earle L. Ovington in a 50 horse-power Bleriot monoplane won the chief event of the meet—a flight of 160 miles through three States, the longest competitive cross-country flight ever held in this country. Ovington's time was 186 minutes 22 1-5 seconds. Lieutenant Milling of the United States Army finished second in 322 minutes 37 seconds.

By making
Quimby work
America.
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A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



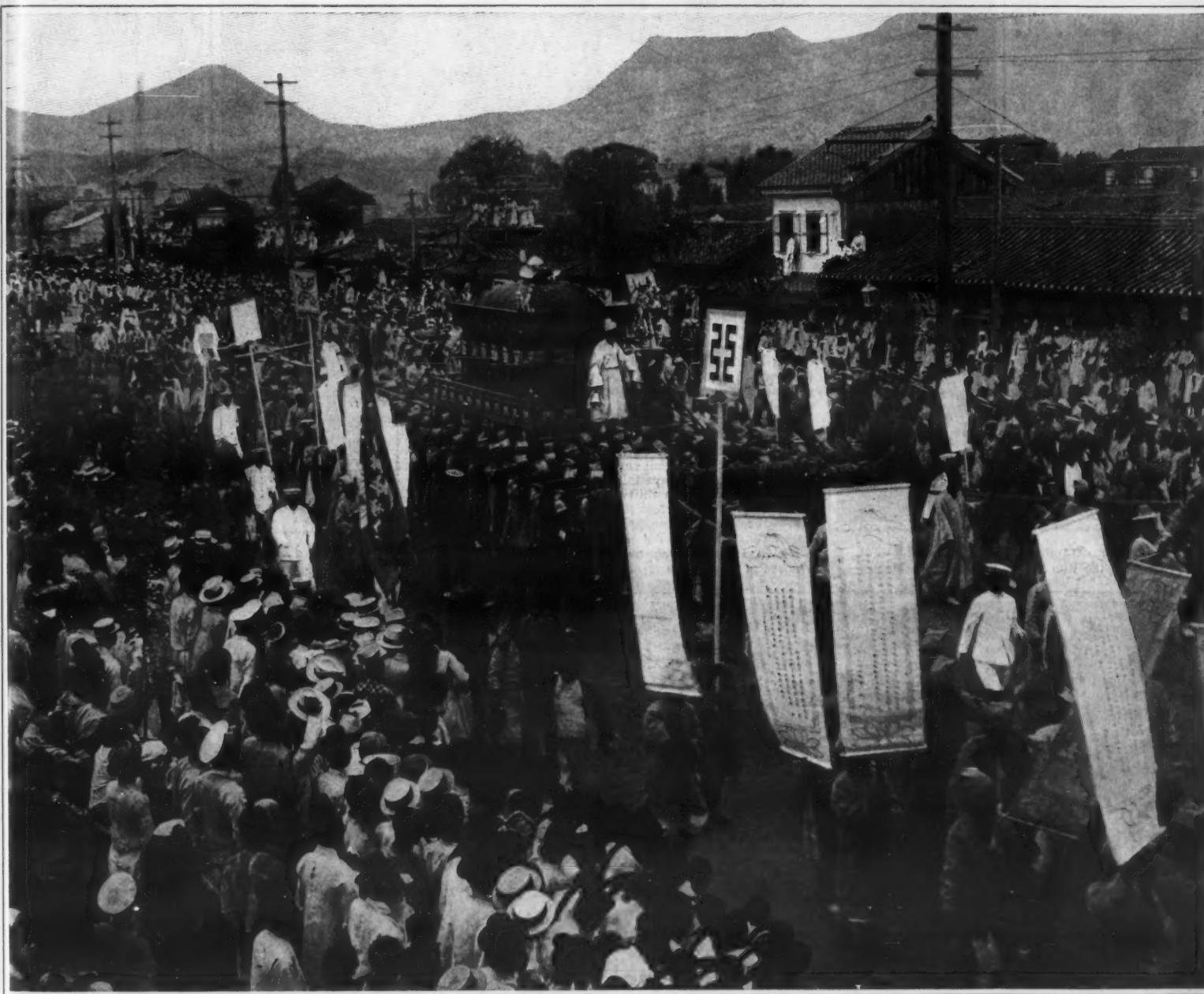
Miss Harriet Quimby Flying at Staten Island, New York

By making two flights at the Staten Island Fair Grounds in September, Miss Quimby won a purse of \$1,500, and became the first professional woman aviator in America. She is also the first American woman to receive a pilot's license from the Aero Club of America. She drives a fifty horse-power Moisant monoplane



The Meeting of the Chinese Student Alliance at Princeton

When the United States Government waived a portion of its claims against China for indemnification for the damages resulting from the Boxer outbreak, the Chinese Empire guaranteed to expend the amount in sending young men and women to be educated in the United States. Once a year they hold a conference



The Burial of Lady Om, Formerly Empress of Korea. The Funeral Procession Passing Through the Main Street of Seoul

This photograph of the funeral of a great lady of Korea is interesting because of the picturesque costumes of the Japanese and Korean mourners. So massive is the casket and its mounting that nearly one hundred bearers are required to carry the remains. Evidently Korean etiquette permits the use of housetops as a grand stand even at a funeral

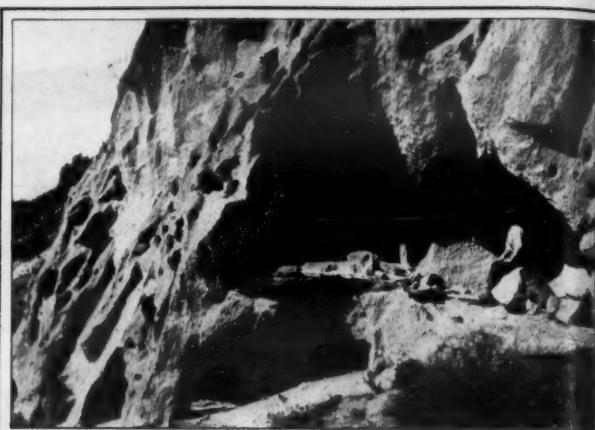
WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



Room in the Archeological Museum at Santa Fe



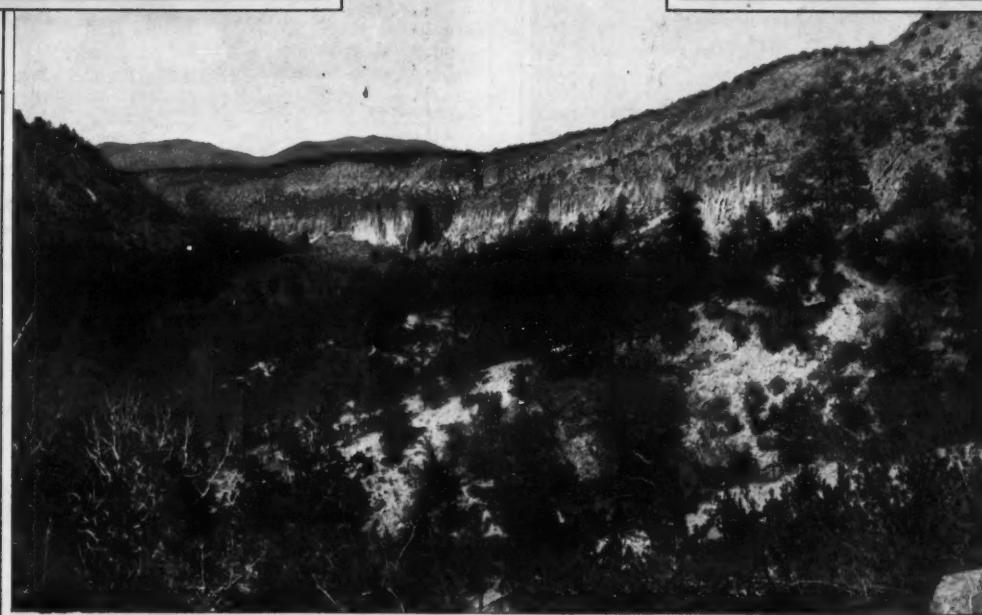
The great ceremonial cave and the restored kiva, Rito de los Frijoles



Cave-like homes of the Pajaritan in Frijoles Cañon



One of the Pajaritan trails worn deep in the solid rock



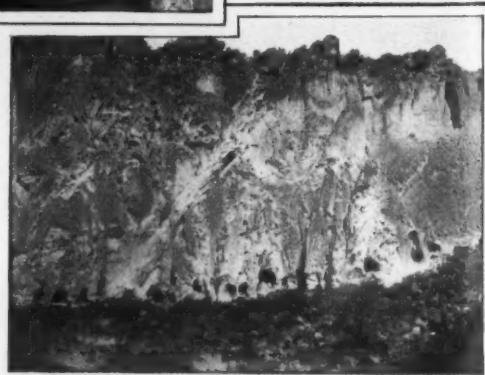
An upper room of the prehistoric Cliff House at Puye



Beginning the excavation of the Circular House of Tyuonyi, in the Rito de los Frijoles, New Mexico

A view of Frijoles Cañon, showing the character of the country

WONDERFUL evidences of an extensive prehistoric life have been uncovered in the valley of the Rio Grande. The School of American Archeology, which is housed in the picturesque Palace of the Governors at Santa Fe, has been carrying on restoration work among the cañons and plateaus of upper New Mexico, and has uncovered community houses, cliff villages, and ceremonial structures which prove that this was once a center of population. It is likely that the gradual drying up of the streams was the cause of the migration of the cliff people to other localities, but the extent of the former population in this region can be realized when it is known that in a region perhaps thirty miles long by twenty miles in breadth more than thirty important Pueblo ruins have been found, and not less than thirty cliff villages containing thousands of rooms. It is worthy of note that the Santa Clara Indians did much of the actual excavation work at Puye. Much of the pottery discovered in the process of excavation is now in the museum at Santa Fe



Site of a cliff village in Frijoles Cañon. The holes in the cliff were rear rooms of houses



The wonderful ruin of Tyuonyi, Rito de los Frijoles



Section of the Great Community House of Puye

The Buried Cities of the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico

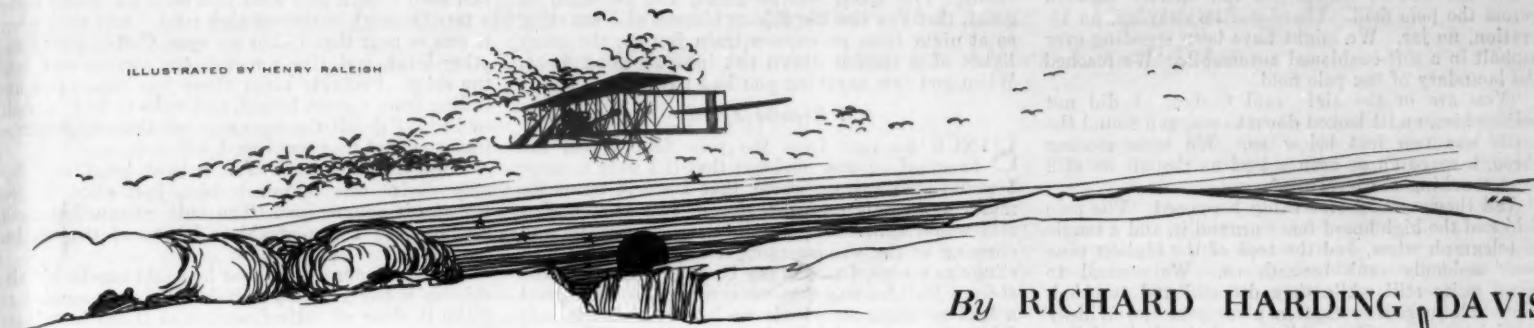
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The New World

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Experiencing the Thrill that Makes All Other Sensations Stale and Vapid

THE Aiken polo team had just defeated the New Orleans team for the Southern championship and the spectators had started down the Whisky Road for Aiken, when the airman in his Wright biplane came sailing over them, spanking through the air from Augusta, and dropped into the polo field. The spectators, with such old-fashioned means of locomotion as motor cars, buggies, mule teams, and polo ponies, raced after him, and gave the stranger from the skies a welcome. He liked his welcome; built a nest for his birdship in a turn of the race-track, and for a month made Aiken his home. Frank T. Coffyn was his name, and in the morning he was the chantecleer that woke us from slumber. And in the evening, after the polo games, we would wait to watch his biplane spin on its bicycle wheels over the field, rough with pony tracks, and then, scorning the earth, sweep up and over the pine trees and disappear like a great black buzzard into the crimson sunset. At first when the beat of the engines was lost in the silence we were apprehensive until again we heard them ticking steadily over the cotton fields. But in a week we decided Mr. Coffyn was quite able to take care of himself. We were less concerned about the young man in the skies than whether his devil wagon would frighten the particular pony upon which we happened to be perilously balancing.

The Holder of the Key

M R. COFFYN held the key to the new world. He, and only he, before our final carrying off could transport us to the skies, could lift us from the earth upon which in humdrum satisfaction we had crawled for numberless years. As a result he was much sought after, much cajoled, much flattered. He moved to an accompaniment of clicking cameras. Strong men bent their backs wheeling his aerial chariot, small boys stood in his way, hoping he

might fall over them, and when he sank into the cotton fields, beautiful ladies galloped their ponies at the encroaching "gallery," and for so brief a time as he remained on earth, acted as his traffic policeman. But, though when he was on his feet he could see us all very plainly, as soon as he was seated in his biplane we became invisible. As passengers, unless we were small boys or young women, who should have been frightened, but who were not, he could not see us at all. He would not look at the men, and then invitingly at the empty seat beside him. Instead he looked toward the tree-tops, or toward the ground, or pumped his oil valve. Then he would pull down his goggles, and shout "Leggo!" and with a wave of his hand sweep across the field, leaving us looking hungrily at the empty seat. At least some of us looked hungrily. Others only pretended they were hungry. The really honest and the really brave announced in loud tones: "I wouldn't go up in that thing, not for a hundred thousand dollars, not—if I asked me!"

A Farewell Message

B UT there was no occasion for alarm, he did not ask us. We had to ask him. I asked him, not because I wanted to "go up," but because when you see children in baby carriages watching their mother hurtling through space at sixty miles an hour, it requires more nerve to stay on the side lines with the children than to take a dare from their mother. So regularly every evening, trembling and with shaking knees, I asked to be taken up, and was as regularly refused, and as regularly gave secret thanks that I had not been taken up in any sense of the word. But as the small boys continued to shame me, I telegraphed the manager of the Wright brothers for permission. He said no. I telegraphed the Wright brothers. They said no. I telegraphed officers of the Aero Club in New York to use their



"One of my friends was already calmly counting my money"

influence. Their answer was encouraging: "Best friends here," they wired, "hope you will break your neck. Are using every influence to that end." Their influence was effective. At midnight I got a telephone from Coffyn saying I was to "go up" at day-break.

I know now how the man feels who the following morning is to ride the favorite in the Lincolnshire Handicap, who at sunrise is to fight his first duel, who the next evening has to speak a speech to a first-night audience. I know now how the condemned murderer spends his last hours on earth with the prison chaplain and the death watch.

"He rose at six, washed and shaved with his usual care, and breakfasted sparingly on ham and eggs. The warden offered him a second helping of coffee, but he had no appetite." When I got to the polo field two friends were waiting to see me go up or, more probably, to see me come down. Their exact motives I have not yet determined. But I think they had hopes, for one of them snapped many photographs; entirely too many photographs. I could see no reason for so many photographs. The other asked tactfully if there was anything I would like him to "hold." I bequeathed him a roll of bills, and, probably to reimburse himself for rising at such an hour, or to pay him for his disappointment, he forgot to return them.

I crawled between a crisscross of wires to a seat as small as a racing saddle, and with my right hand choked the life out of a wooden upright. Unless I clung to Coffyn's right arm, there was nothing I could hold on to with my left but the edge of the racing saddle.

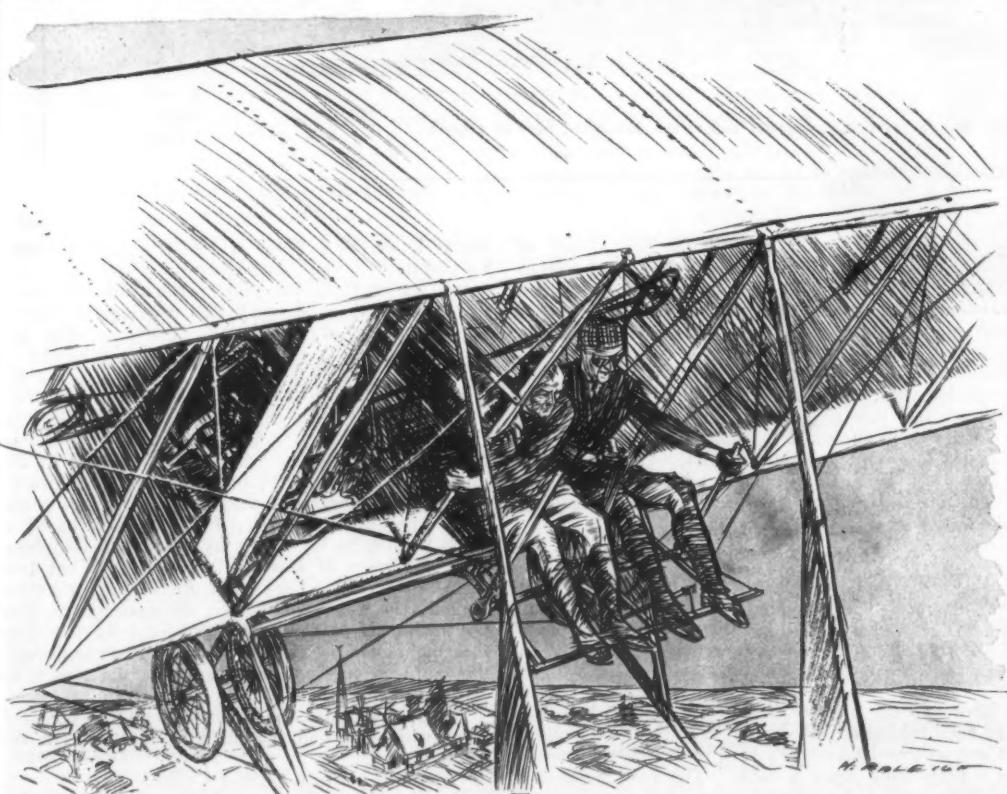
My toes rested on a thin steel cross-bar. It was like balancing in a child's swing hung from a tree. Had I placed myself in such a seat on a hotel porch, I would have considered my position most unsafe; to occupy such a seat a thousand feet in mid-air while moving at fifty miles an hour struck me as ridiculous.

"What's to keep me from falling out?" I demanded. Coffyn laughed unfeelingly. "You won't fall out!" he said.

Regrets

I BEGAN to hate Coffyn and the Wright brothers. I began to regret I had not been brought up a family man so that, like the other men of family at Aiken, I could explain I could not go aloft, because I had children to support. I was willing to support any number of children. Anybody's children. I regretted too late that, except for a paltry mug or two, even to my godchildren, I had not done my duty. I wanted to get down at once, and hear my godchildren say their catechism.

Behind us the propeller was thrashing the air like a mowing machine, and Coffyn had disguised himself in his goggles. To me the act suggested only



"The next instant a perfectly solid red-clay road was rising to hit me in the face. It was coming at me at fifty miles an hour"

the judge putting on his black cap before he delivers the death sentence. The moment had come. I tried to smile at my two faithful friends, but one was excitedly dancing around taking a farewell snapshot, and the other already was calmly counting my money.

On the bicycle wheels we ran swiftly forward across the polo field. There was no swaying, no vibration, no jar. We might have been speeding over asphalt in a soft-cushioned automobile. We reached the boundary of the polo field.

"You are in the air!" said Coffyn. I did not believe him, and I looked down to see, and found the earth was two feet below us. We were moving through space on as even a keel as though we still were touching the level turf.

And then a wonderful thing happened. The polo field and the high board fence around it, and a tangle of telegraph wires, and the tops of the highest pine trees suddenly sank beneath us. We seemed to stand quite still while they dropped and tumbled. They fell so swiftly that in a moment the Whisky Road became a yellow ribbon, and the Iselin house

They were ruled in with delicate pencil strokes. These Noah's Ark houses, cattle, men, swept beneath our eyes as swiftly as do the figures on a tape-measure when you set free the spring. A man would raise his arm from the plow to wave his hat, and already you were looking down the chimney of his cabin. The speed was so great, the elevation so great, that you saw the objects blurred and wavering as at night from an express train you see the many lights of a station drawn out into one long flame. When you saw anything you had passed it.

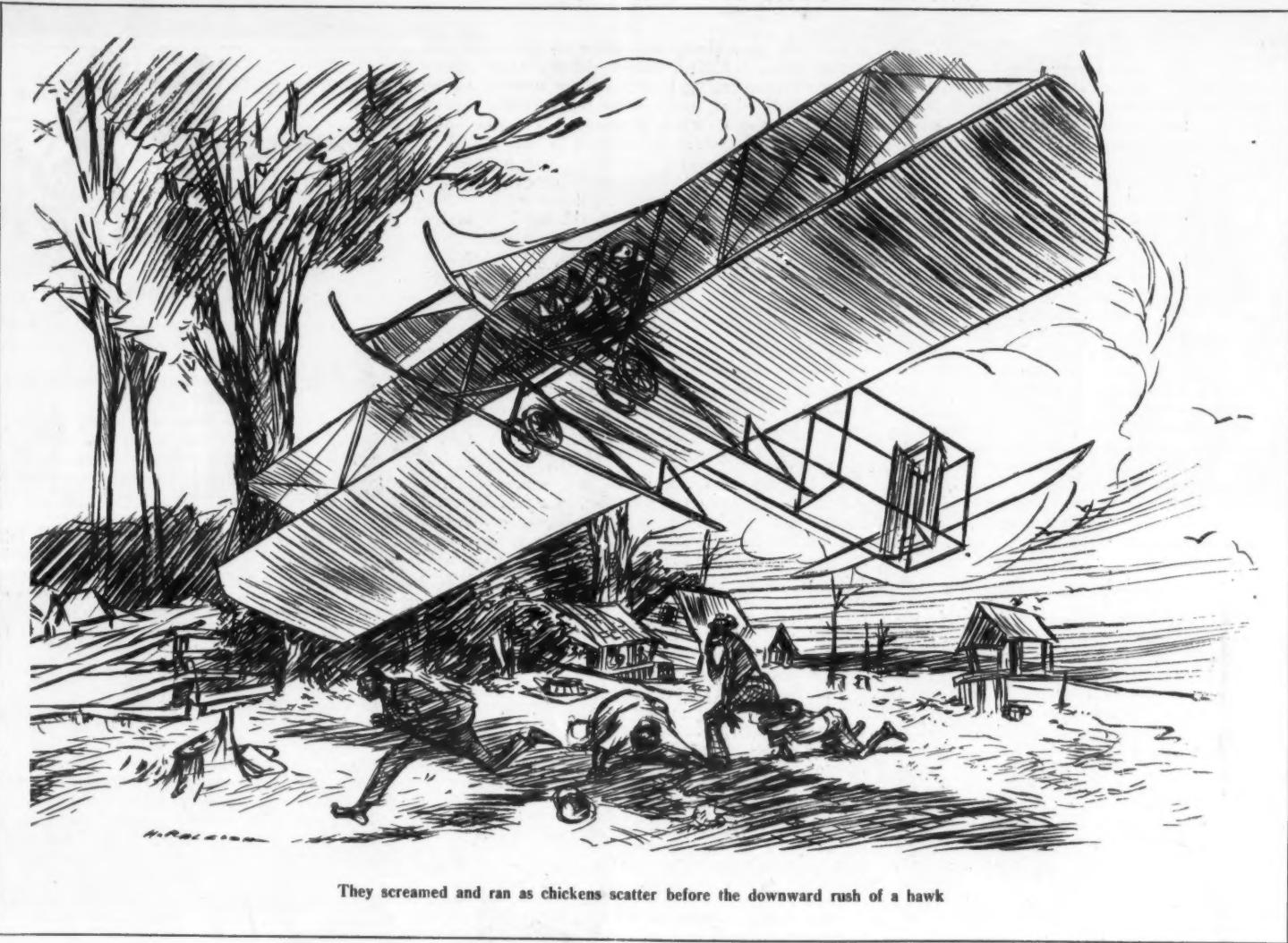
I Breathe Again

SINCE we rose from the polo field I had not breathed. I was confident that if I were to move I would spill out, or, worse, that I would upset the marvelous balance of the airship and that Coffyn also would spill out. But in time, cautiously, and clinging to the wooden upright as a drowning man clings to a rope, I moved my head, stiffly, and looked about. My idea was that we were moving on as level a keel as when on wheels we had crossed the polo field. But when I looked above and behind me, I

now not even my feet obstructed my view. There was *nothing* between me and the red clay road. We were tilted so far forward that I knew my face and knees would hit it at the same moment. I knew the end had come. But all my past life did not unroll before me. Instead, I had time only to think what had been Coffyn and what had been me would make a terrible mess in the red clay road. And then when it was so near that I shut my eyes, Coffyn pulled another lever, and, like a rocket, the airship shot into the skies. Probably many times you dream you are falling from a great height, and wake to find yourself in bed. Pile all the agony of all those nightmares into one, and that was how I felt.

When I looked at Coffyn he was laughing. My only desire was to punch him, just once on the tip of his square jaw. The only reason I did not was because I was afraid to let go of the wooden upright.

Having demonstrated that he could handle his airship as a boy twists a bicycle, Coffyn proceeded to make it show off. He forced it to climb imaginary hills, he sent it like a toboggan shooting down long



They screamed and ran as chickens scatter before the downward rush of a hawk

and gardens a white ball on a green billiard cloth. We wheeled evenly in a sharp curve, and beyond us for miles saw the cotton fields like a great chessboard. Houses and barns and clumps of trees were chess men. Coffyn tried to tell me something of, I believe, a reassuring nature; but the thrashing of the engines and the steady roar of the propellers drowned his voice. I did not particularly care to hear. Already I had a confidence in Coffyn that no assurance of his could strengthen, and I had got into another world, one which to him, through long association, was no longer a miracle.

It was a topsy-turvy world. Instead of gazing up into the lower branches of trees, we saw them as one sees violets in the grass. It was not like looking down from a skyscraper, because on a tall building you have beneath you the solid floors. Nor was it like looking down from the window of an express train as one rushes over a high trestle, because even then there is still beneath you the cushioned seat and the floor of the railroad car. But from the biplane there was swinging between you and the old world only your two feet. You saw the toes of your boots dangling, and then emptiness, much emptiness, and then tiny toy houses flattened against the soil, trees as small as rose bushes, and like ants, mules, and black men crawling across a checkerboard. The long lines on the checkerboard were plowed furrows.

found that the airship was tilting like a pair of scales, and that on either side the great planes dipped and rocked. When from the ground I had watched these same gyrations I had believed that each moment the airship was about to turn turtle. Now that I was seated in it I felt no motion at all and complete confidence. Some one who understands psychology and aeroplanes can explain. I know only that when I was on the ground I was scared, and when I was in the air I was not. And that when I thought I was moving on a dead level, and that the wings were as perfectly balanced as those of the eagle on a St. Gauden's gold piece, we were careening like a catboat in a heavy sea.

An Agony of Nightmares

COFFYN had his own sense of humor. Perhaps first with a glance he assured himself that my feet were wrapped around the steel bar and my fingers clutching the wooden upright, perhaps he did not. In any event, when we were a thousand feet in the air, about as high as a twelve-story building, he pulled a lever and the airship dived! An instant before I had been taking a bird's-eye view of South Carolina. It was as unsubstantial-looking and purely pictorial as a map flung upon a table. The next instant a perfectly solid red clay road was rising to hit me in the face. It was coming at me at fifty miles an hour.

aerial lanes, he jumped it like a qualified hunter, up and down over unseen hurdles. When black folks waved to us from the porch of a cabin, he would swoop upon them, dipping and courtesying, and by only a few feet pass above them, so that they screamed and ran, as chickens scatter before the downward rush of a hawk. I began to feel a contempt for these clumsy children of the old world who could not leave it, who moved about only on the two stumps they called legs. High above them we bucked and buffeted the rising wind, or at fifty miles an hour ran free before it straight into the rising sun. I began to understand why young men with apparently everything to make them happy on earth persist in leaving it by means of aeroplanes, with a chance of leaving it forever. What lures them is the call of the new world wailing to be conquered, the sense of power, of detachment from everything humdrum, or even human; the thrill that makes all the other sensations stale and vapid, the exhilaration that for the moment makes each one of them a king.

We dropped into the same spot on the polo field from which we had set forth as lightly as a rubber ball.

"We went six miles," said Coffyn.

But we had gone much farther than that. And how much farther we still will go no man can tell.

Or in [poor Di to see the and of D two haw four scor drinking the Locos "when sup ping its window, nose and bald head. And the they will their dir are to a crowd of

MAD fu black bu of the m south, a toward panies, did the general fore Ma his wor is repor the anno —Oh! running had his panies sum—b family.

Diaz first, th and to two me ing. I opposite a certa preside nized t the sta foreign being s—try—operat House charme the in would whether the dia accent would low; I are, I El Pa runn he

But Maden a cog

Who Will Succeed Diaz?

*A General Election Will be Held in October to Choose a President of Mexico,
—Madero, De la Barra, Reyes, and the Other Candidates*

THE Mexican peons, like all Indians, talk in totems and turn history into the most charming animal stories. How often, in the cane-fields or the agave plantations of the "hot" country or half a mile underground along the silvery vein of Guanajuato, I have heard Pedro or Juan, as the case might be, telling to his listening quadrilla the story of the dictator's fall and the reason of the elections which are to take place in a very few days south of the Rio Grande; under circumstances which are hardly reassuring to the lovers of law and order and to the well-wishers of the sister republic of whose recent vicissitudes we are all so wofully ignorant.

"This was the crew that robbed us," says Pedro, naturally falling into verse:

*"Un Figurín
Dos Gavilanes.
Un Aleman
Quatro Alacranes."*

Or in English "one dummy [poor Diaz! that we should live to see this Master of Empire and of Destiny called a dummy], two hawks, a Dutchman, and four scorpions." "They were all drinking champagne in the House of the Locos at Mexico," continues Pedro, "when suddenly a black butterfly, flapping its somber wings, blew in at the window, brushed past Don Porfirio's nose and alighted on Don Ramon's bald head—then it was *vamos amigos!* And they are all in Paris, where they will live unhappily as long as their dinero holds out. And now we are to have a chance to elect a new crowd of masters."

Madero's Life Insurance

MADERO, the chief of the successful revolution by favor of the black butterfly and of the little farmers of the north and the cattlemen of the south, should have a tender feeling toward the American insurance companies. Here in Mexico they certainly did their part in helping along the general uplift movement. Long before Madero had the absurd idea (even his worthy grandfather, Don Evaristo, is reported to have said when he heard the announcement: "Ay! que Panchito! —Oh! what a little Frank it is!") of running for the presidency, he had had his life insured in various companies for a million dollars—a large sum—but not out of proportion to the wealth of the family.

Diaz rather liked the idea of Madero running at first, though he could not help poking fun at him and to his face when Governor Dehesa brought the two men together at their memorable and only meeting. Diaz was aware that it looked well to have an opposition. For years there had been a monomaniac, a certain Miranda who was always running for the presidency, in and out of season, and Diaz recognized that Miranda served a more useful purpose in the state than many a sane man. At times when foreign scribes writing books on Mexico were being shown about carefully selected bits of the country—principally the country and jockey clubs, the opera-house, and the magnificent but unfinished House of Congress by that courtly and altogether charming gentleman, Guglielmo Landa y Escandon, the introducer of foreigners at Chapultepec—they would rarely, but still sometimes, venture to ask whether it was true that no one dared to run against the dictator. And with what a charming Etonian accent, and with what a hearty laugh, Don Guglielmo would say: "Why, of course not. Lies, my dear fellow; lies of those wretched people—Mexicans they are, I admit, but we have cast them out—who live at El Paso and Laredo. There's Miranda; now, he's running for the presidency, and a jolly good little run he made last time."

But at the very moment when the providential Madero actively entered politics Miranda had slipped a cog; he was not running any more. He had

By STEPHEN BONSAL

crowned himself king, and was living very happily, they said, in a cave somewhere out on the Desierto Mountain. The providential Madero would take his place and serve the useful dual function of hoodwinking foreign scribes and of demonstrating to the native born what a ridiculous and futile thing it was to run against the supreme Jefe.

And how differently it turned out! Madero impressed the people by the first words he uttered and then carried them off their feet. Not by his flattery but by his honesty. Among other things he told them

for their services, and to prepare the country for the elections of next month, the first elections in good faith, and with anything like the freedom of the ballot, that Mexico has ever seen.

Those who know Mexico best, and who are experienced in politics as practised south of the Rio Grande, say that Madero made a great—they think a fatal—mistake in consenting to the provisional stop-gap and in not seizing the power once and for all when it lay within his grasp. To this criticism Madero has answered very nobly: His was a revolution of civilians against a military despotism. He plunged the country into the dangers and the horrors of a civil war to secure a fair election, and he will see to it that this takes place even if the result is unfavorable to his hopes of political advancement. The critics say that these be fine sentiments, but poor politics. However, the elections are near, and the country is most certainly in bad shape for such a novel and trying experience.

As fast as the honest and patriotic revolutionists are disbanded the bandits muster themselves in. There are several armies of bandits in the field, apparently ready to hoist the black flag, and together, if they once get together, they are certainly more numerous than any force that either Diaz or Madero ever commanded, and they would seem to largely outnumber the present forces enlisted on the side of law and order.

The Probable Winner

THERE are governors in revolt and administrators of States who will not even correspond with the Federal officials, and the provisional régime, many followers of Madero—principally those who fought for spoils—have fallen away from their leader, whose popularity is also impaired in other directions. Still the chief of the revolution has been nominated by acclamation for the presidency by the Progressive party, and unless a revolution breaks out or the baleful black butterflies intervene, he would seem sure of election. It is only then,

of course, that his real troubles will begin and the Mexicans have a chance to demonstrate their fitness for self-government.

Of the men who are contributing most to stem the rising waves of disorder and as a possible eleventh-hour candidate, I shall first mention the Provisional President Don Francisco de la Barra. He emerged from the relative obscurity of the diplomatic service a few months ago, served as Minister of Foreign Affairs a few weeks, and then, by the automatic working of the constitution when Diaz and the Vice-President, Corral, resigned—condition precedent to the signing of the peace protocol—Don Francisco became Provisional Chief Magistrate. In this anxious and arduous task the diplomat who had lived so long abroad that he was almost a stranger to his own people—

and, happily for his country and for himself, altogether a stranger to Mexican politics—has acquitted himself with rare intelligence and great dignity.

Three months ago De la Barra was a mere cipher in popular estimation; to-day his name is and should be linked with Juarez, with Diaz, and with Madero as men who have in different ways and under different circumstances contributed to the greatness of their country.

When De la Barra took the oath of his provisional office he announced that he would not under any circumstances allow his name to go before the people in the October elections. This seemed at first a natural but wholly unnecessary announcement on his part, but to-day he is one of the most popular and respected men in the country, and was toward the end of August unanimously nominated for the presidency by the Catholic party in convention assembled. De la Barra, to the surprise of those who



President Francisco de la Barra, a possible eleventh-hour candidate



Francisco I. Madero, Jr.—He might have succeeded Diaz



General Bernardo Reyes.—It is said that his campaign is secretly supported by Diaz sympathizers



Dr. Vasquez Gomez, a full-blooded Indian who is seeking the vice-presidency, will poll a large vote

that if they would only stop making beasts of themselves with pulque, it would be a good thing; that their drink was a more terrible dictator and taskmaster than Diaz. But the peons could stand anything from this millionaire with an old and honored name—one of the *gente fina*, in fact—who yet sat right down with them and ate the family tortillas by the family hearth.

In a few weeks Diaz was satisfied that Madero would never do for the Miranda job, so he clapped him into jail, and this is where the American life-insurance companies come in, or should come in, for I am only going to suggest, not tell, the story. Madero not only reached jail alive, the only one of Diaz's serious rivals who ever did in this, the land of the *ley de fuga*, but he survived there a month and got out on bail, which he was wise enough to skip, and, taking refuge on the border, started the revolution which met almost from the very beginning with such amazing success.

Diaz fled the capital and the country in May, and a provisional government was instituted which, under the inspiration and guidance of Madero, has sought to muster out the revolutionary bands, which increased most rapidly when there was no further use

did not know him, declined the honor, which was no empty one. To-day the Catholic party is divested of the reactionary tendencies which characterized it in the days of Juarez and the wars of the Reform, and, thoroughly alarmed as they are by the plans and projects of radicals in and out of the Madero camp, many conservative liberals would gladly have voted the Catholic ticket under such leadership in the hope by so doing of shielding the state from many threatening dangers.

The Catholic leaders have further demonstrated their intelligence and patriotism by bestowing the nomination of their second choice upon Madero, the candidate of the revolution and of the Progressives, and a movement is now on foot which if successful would be vastly helpful, which is to induce De la Barra to reconsider his refusal to enter politics and to accept the second place on a ticket and a platform which should unite all patriots.

An Enigma

WHILE not the greatest danger, I take it Zapata and Salgado or some dark insurgent horse at present not known to me are more dangerous—General Bernardo Reyes and his presidential candidacy is the enigma of the situation. Reyes is not the idol of the Mexican army and he is not a *beau sabreur*.

One of the most surprising experiences of my life was my first sight of General Reyes. I had expected the onslaught of a little black bull, say of the wonderful Miura strain they bring from Spain to Mexico for the great fights at Easter, and he came into the room like a wet hen with drooping feathers. As a soldier, Reyes has had a very limited experience in the field, but as an organizer in the War Department he has done good service, better than any of



Pascual Orozco, the David of the Chihuahua Plains

his successors who have followed him in such rapid succession.

The general's politics are not soldierly, and his platform is evasive; no one, except possibly two or three of his closest advisers and backers, has the slightest idea at what Reyes is driving with his campaign of advertisement, his many newspaper broadsides, and his few speeches. Mexicans will generally tell you that Reyes represents the *reyista* party, and to my mind, at least, the *reyista* party reflects the by no means unimpeachable virtues of General Reyes.

Reyes had his chance at the presidency, or the dictatorship, several years ago, and now would seem to be lagging on the scene with vain regrets for a return of his lost opportunity. He laid the basis of his one-time popularity while Governor of the State of New Leon. There he opposed the exactions of the local caciques, or bosses, and he did not further the plans for exploiting the country that were so dear to the "scientific" group. Reyes, it would seem, did not observe the laws or the constitution more than the other Diaz governors, and his acts were equally illegal, but he favored the new generation

and the new course, and, for a time at least, his was a name to conjure with in all popular assemblies. As the elections of 1910 approached, it looked for a moment as though Reyes might be nominated by popular acclaim for the vice-presidency, or even for the presidency, by the political clubs that were determined, if they could, to put an end to the dictatorship or, at the least, to hamper the dictator by saddling him with a popular candidate for the second place in the gift of the people.

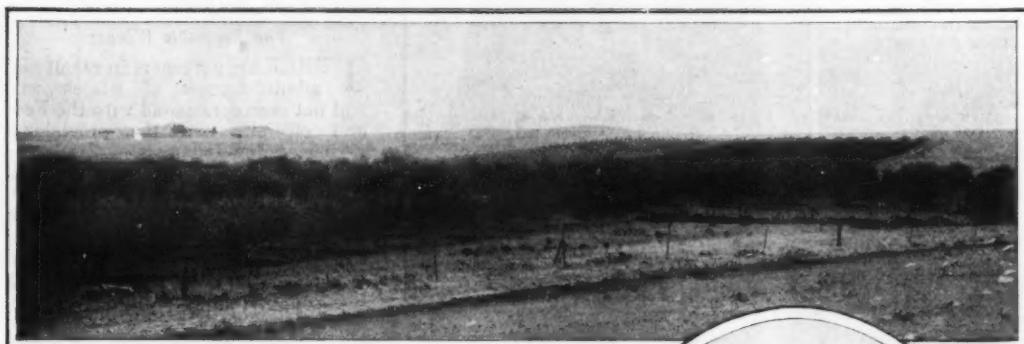
Reyes's candidacy is not flourishing. He is receiving more catcalls than applause. The general opinion seems to be that his campaign is financed and more or less secretly supported by those who held the purse-strings of the State very much to their advantage in the days of Diaz.

They do not expect his election, but they are shrewd enough to see that the antics of the political general add to the general confusion.

An Indian Aspirant

TO COMPLETE the list, Vera Estanol, a clever young lawyer who served in Diaz's Cabinet the last few weeks of his power, has started an evolutionary party in opposition to the revolutionary movement. Last, but by no means least, is the apparent disaffection of Dr. Vasquez Gomez, who until a very few weeks ago was Madero's most trusted lieutenant. Dr. Gomez is a full-blooded Indian and an admirable and hopeful specimen of his race, so long held down to peonage and ignorance. To-day he is running rather mysteriously for the vice-presidency on a ticket which names no one for the first place and is certain to poll a large vote; in fact, all the Indians and many radical revolutionists who are displeased with Madero for his conservative methods.

Making Orchards Grow in Desert Lands



A General View of the Parsons Orchard

At the left are cherry-trees, to the right are thrifty currant-bushes, and beyond is a young orchard, while in the background are the sand-swept hills of the desert

PLUCKING cherries and currants from trees grown in a desert land without artificial moisture is unusual, but not an impossibility. It happened on July 12 at Parker, Colorado, when the neighbors of E. R. Parsons gathered at his dry-land orchard and stripped the twenty acres or more of their fruit. If you lived in a place where the rainfall had been only three inches in eight months and the wind so constant and the sun so hot that the evaporation was thirty times the rainfall, your home would be a desert. You would have to have a vivid imagination and great courage to undertake to bring forth the day when you would sit beneath the shade of your own fruit-trees. Yet that was the situation of Mr. Parsons, an Englishman who had learned dry-farming in South Africa, when he took up land at Parker in 1886. He had hardly settled on the land when he began experimenting with tree-growing; but it was not until 1895 that he felt confidence enough to plant a commercial orchard of 1,000 trees. This has gradually been added to ever since, until it now numbers 2,000 cherry-trees alone.

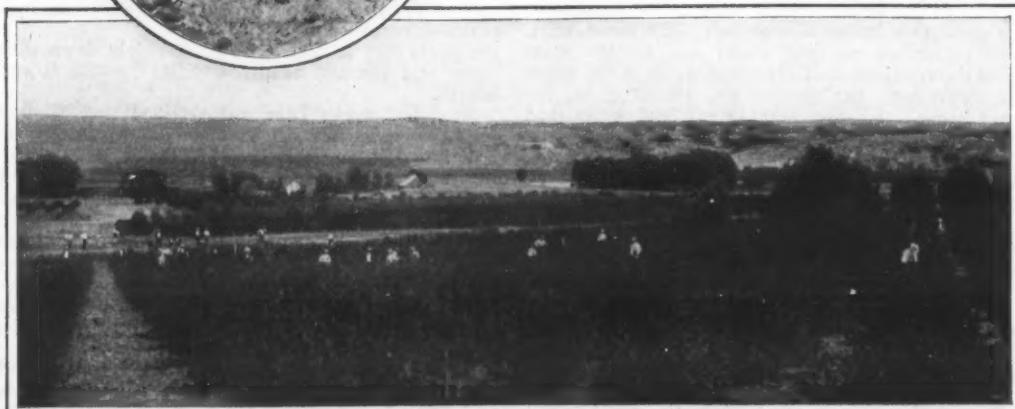
The Parsons orchard bears the only fruit in that region, so the owner has no trouble in marketing it. He simply announces a picking day, and the people come from miles around to gather their own fruit, for which they pay at the rate of twenty cents a gallon. This year they paid him only \$200, because the crop was hurt by frost and hail at blossoming time, but one year they paid him ten times that sum.

Industry and the application of brains to agricultural problems explain the Parsons orchard. For more than a quarter of a century practical and theoretical men have been working at the problems of how to make fruitful those regions of the West in which there is an annual rainfall of twenty inches or less. They found a natural soil cover of sage-brush, buffalo grass, and, worst of all, Russian thistle. They knew that, approximately, it takes 300 pounds of



Parsons among his currant-bushes exhibiting a core of soil containing fifteen per cent moisture

(Concluded on page 32)



Visitors picking some of the fruit on Parsons's 1,400 currant-bushes

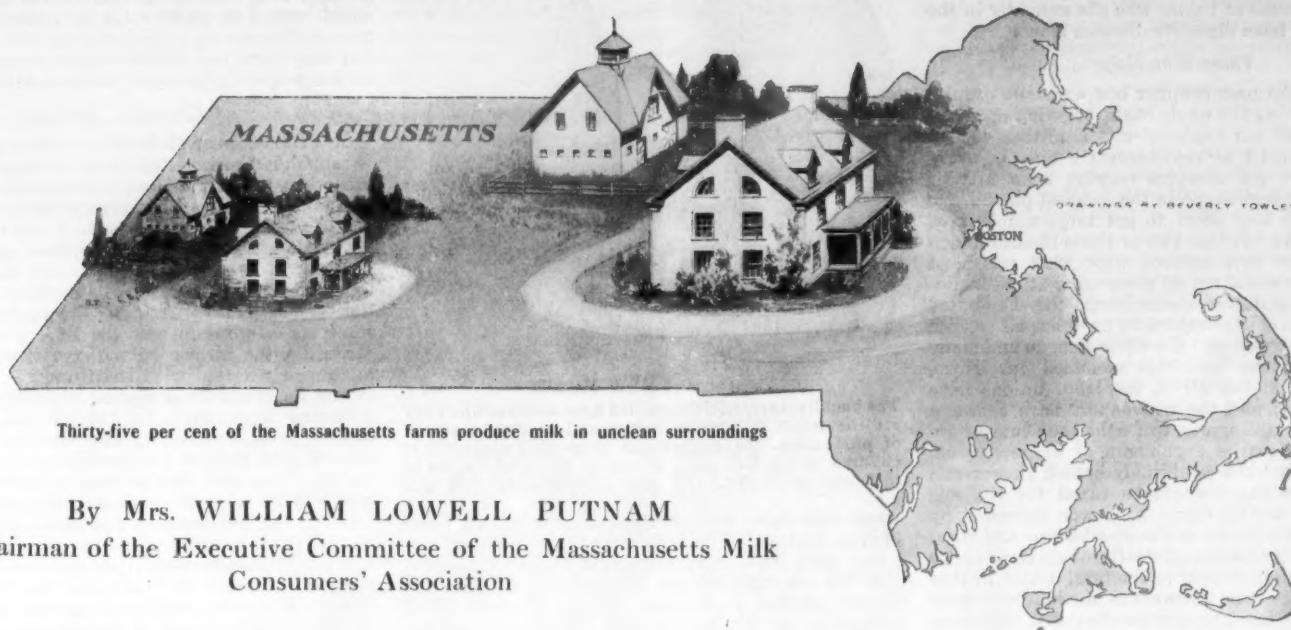
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Pure Milk,— and the Way to Get It

The Tribulations of an Organization Attempting to Secure State Inspection of Milk



By Mrs. WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM
Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Milk
Consumers' Association

THE value of organization has long been understood by producers and distributors in all lines of trade. In some directions consumers have also organized themselves in order to procure the things they need at a more reasonable price than can be done through middlemen. The organization of consumers to which this article refers has the different object of assuring purity.

The times are over when a man bought his milk from a neighboring farmer and could see for himself the way in which it was produced, and if the conditions were dirty, why, "dirt was healthy," and when the children died it was an inscrutable act of Providence. They did die in large numbers, in spite of the fact that the milk came from near-by, and was drunk before the germs in it had much time to develop.

At present in our large cities the milk comes from great distances, sometimes as far as four hundred miles. Many thousands of farms contribute to the supply, and few indeed of the consumers can know anything personally about the conditions on the farms from which their supply of milk comes.

The Distributors

THESE farms are so distant and so numerous that it has been necessary to have distributors of their product, who attend to collecting and bringing to town and there delivering it to the consumer. This work has by degrees been absorbed more and more by a few men until in the larger cities most of the business is being done by two or three dealers, who carry on an enormous trade, usually in very close cooperation, often really controlled by one head. When milk comes from such great distances, it must necessarily come by rail. In Boston about 80 per cent of the milk arrives in this way. The purveyor of milk adds to the complication of difficulties, for he is often a small shopkeeper whose conditions are far from ideal.

The class of consumers who can afford to pay whatever is necessary under this system to produce an ideal milk usually succeed in getting somewhere nearly what they intend to get, but those who have only the means of buying a cheap grade of milk have but inadequate protection at best. The result has been a terrible loss of life among the children of the poor. These needless infant deaths have so aroused the public that everywhere over the country babies' milk stations are being established to furnish a reliable quality of milk at as low a price as possible. The better stations not only furnish milk but also instruct the mothers in the care of the babies and of their food.

Until these milk stations were started the only bodies concerning themselves with the interests of the consumers were the health officials and those public-spirited physicians who have freely given of their time to certify to the quality of the purest grade of milk on the market for those infants and invalids who could afford to pay the necessary price. No Board of Health can go far ahead of public opinion, else it brings its rules, however wise, into disrepute and thereby loses authority, and one object for which milk stations and all similar associations should strive is the education of the public to the importance of such regulations as the health authorities may make.

The milk supply in Massachusetts is no worse than that of other States—in fact, I am inclined to think it is distinctly better—and doubtless the reason for its being better is that we had, for some years, a very able sanitarian and expert in milk as secretary of our State Board of Health. He made up his mind that Massachusetts required uniform laws for milk inspection throughout the Commonwealth, and he introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature of 1908 a bill to accomplish this. His bill was defeated, but about that time was organized the Women's Municipal League of Boston, and in carrying out the idea that the first duty of the consumers is to help those who are trying to uphold and improve the laws, the chairman of the Committee on Milk consulted Dr. Harrington as to the best aid that the newly formed body could give him.

His answer was: "Help me to pass this bill next year."

The following summer he died and the committee felt that on it devolved the duty of getting the bill through the Legislature. They worked until, being present in the Senate when the vote on their bill was taken, they had the exhilarating experience of seeing four out of forty Senators vote in its favor.

The second year things went even worse, for politics entered in so largely that they withdrew the bill rather than suffer an even more overwhelming defeat than in the previous year. It was evident that these women alone were not accomplishing what they wanted. One little episode had brought home forcibly to them the difficulties they must meet while constituted as they were. It was this: In the spring of 1910 Boston suffered from a large milk strike. For three weeks a special committee of the Legislature, which was appointed to unravel the snarl, heard sworn witnesses from among the producers, contractors, and railroads, but when the chairman of the Milk Committee of the Women's Municipal League asked that the consumers be given a fair hearing, she was first given a date, and then

cause they felt that this hospital was keeping down the quality of the milk for the whole city, and by allowing themselves to buy their milk from the contractor, whose conditions were dirtier than any other in Boston, they not only afforded him encouragement but were liable to mislead the public into the belief that his milk supply was of good quality.

During the legislative investigation in the spring of 1910 many impressive facts were brought to light. One of the three largest contractors was found to collect his milk in certain districts, where the supply was small, only once in thirty-six hours; another, after repeatedly stating that his milk was thoroughly inspected by his own inspectors, confessed that he had only two half men and one whole one to inspect the enormous number of farms supplying his trade.

Fighting Illegal Combinations

THE producers had organized and struck for higher pay for their product—7 cents extra for an 8 1/2-quart can. The contractors, although not confessing to any organization, had given sufficient indication of something of the kind to warrant the Federal Government in instituting before the Grand Jury an investigation into their methods to learn whether a trust existed. The railroads had manifestly favored the contractors by their leased-car system, and admitted to a representative of the consumers that while the whole milk business was to them an unsatisfactory one, they had lost more on the contractors' leased cars than on the old rate per can. (The Grand Jury has since indicted both contractors and railroads.) The fourth body, the distributors (including the small shopkeepers), are altogether too many to be properly regulated without a much more comprehensive system than has yet existed under our laws. The consumers were therefore confronted with three bodies, which were, if not organized, at least something very close to it, and a fourth body, composed in large measure of quite unsatisfactory and irresponsible little shops.

Under these circumstances the consumers decided that, although they would conciliate all the other interests whenever possible, where this principle proved to be unavailing they would fight them with their own weapons, so they organized themselves to meet the other organizations under the name of the Massachusetts Milk Consumers' Association. Their honorary president was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Among their honorary vice-presidents they number such men as President Eliot, President Harris of Amherst College, and President Garfield of Williams. Mr. Henry L. Higginson of Boston, and other well-known business men from the smaller cities of Massachusetts—Springfield, Worcester, New Bedford, Fitchburg, and Lawrence being included—Rabbi Fleischer of Boston and the Catholic Archbishop and a well-known doctor from Berkshire County. Thus the whole State is fairly represented. They have also a consulting medical committee, on which are Dr. Theobald Smith and Dr. Milton J. Rosenau.

The primary object of the association has been to procure State inspection under the State health authorities. Even with as efficient a milk inspector as we have in Boston, and with the chairman of our health board as able as is Dr. Durgin, we feel that it is manifestly impossible even for Boston to protect



The Germs Which Make Unclean Milk a Dangerous Product
Typhoid, diphtheria, and tubercle bacilli magnified 1,100 diameters

later told, somewhat cavalierly, that they probably would not be heard at all. By retaining a lawyer they got their hearing, but this experience made it evident that the women of Boston were not able alone to accomplish what was needed for the protection of their children, and that a State-wide organization of representative people was required.

The smaller organization had accomplished some reforms in the city—notably, the milk supply of one of our largest hospitals, which, after a year's work, was finally improved past recognition. The committee had attacked this matter with considerable vigor, not only for the sake of the patients but be-

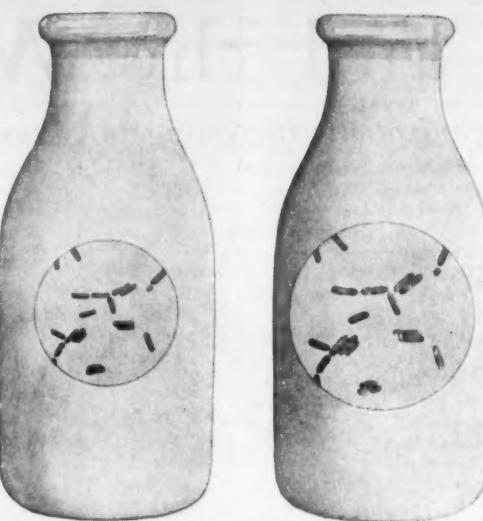
its milk supply. The milk which is excluded from our market can be sold in one of the neighboring towns, and not only come back in the form of ice-cream or butter, but even as milk. These dangers are evident enough, though people often fail to realize them, so our first work has been to rouse the public to an appreciation of what they mean—of the 50,000 preventable deaths of babies who die annually in the United States from digestive diseases alone.

Those Who Help

DURING the past summer our assistant counsel traveled over the whole State, securing members for what we call our Legislative Committees. These committees consist of representative men in every city and town, the numbers varying from fifty or more in Springfield to one in the smallest places. We have not made any effort to get large numbers of members, for we felt that two or three thousand men of the type we have secured were what was most needed, and we could not do everything at once. Besides these legislative committees, the Federated Women's Clubs of Massachusetts have helped us with especially effective work; the Civic League and many other organizations have also seconded our efforts magnificently; almost all of the labor unions have joined with us; and the newspapers have shown a most inspiring willingness to further our cause.

One of the favorite arguments of our opponents has been that our bill would only benefit Boston and that the whole State would be taxed for the sole benefit of its capital city. This was answered by figures of the death-rate in the small towns and rural districts. The proportion of deaths of children under five years of age in Boston to the total deaths in that city is 27.38 per cent. Answers to our inquiries from the town clerks brought out the fact that in two of the towns in Worcester County this proportion was as high as 44 per cent, and a third soared up to 54 per cent in 1909 and 56 per cent the following year, more than double that of Boston. These figures are convincing of the greater benefit to be derived from State milk inspection in the rural parts of the State than in Boston itself, for we have found that wherever we have investigated conditions the clean dairies of a neighborhood send their milk supply to Boston or other distant places, leaving the dirty ones to supply the babies of the town itself.

The fact that the sales of milk have fallen off very heavily is convincing the producers of the truth of our assertion that people not only are afraid of buying dirty milk, but are also not unnaturally unwilling to pay the price proper for clean milk



The Cause of Infant Mortality

The bacilli mesenterici (magnified 2,000 diameters). They are the result of filth in dairies and careless methods of production. In Boston the proportion of deaths of children under five years of age to the total deaths in that city is 27.38%. In rural towns it reaches 44%.

when they have no assurance that what they are buying is clean. The legislators from the rural districts have been more impressed by the statement that 65 per cent of the Massachusetts farms are clean than that 35 per cent are not clean, and that protection of the 65 per cent of clean from the competition of the 35 per cent of dirty dairies in Massachusetts, as well as from those outside the State (and the majority of our milk comes in from other States), is a very necessary measure.

An important part of our campaign, that of conciliation, has been to try and persuade the producers as well as the legislators that the interests of the clean farmer are identical with those of the consumer. If the consumer can be assured that when he buys milk he is not getting a supply of cow dung and tuberculosis thrown in, but is really buying the wholesome food for his children that he is anxious to get for them, he will be willing to pay a better price for it.

A part of our plan of education has been to issue from time to time bulletins, which we circulate and which the newspapers also very kindly print for us.

There are many things we should like to see done, as, for instance, the equipment of refrigerator cars by the electric roads; the delivery of railroad milk at night, which is advocated by the Philadelphia Milk Commission appointed last summer by Mayor Reyburn; the establishment by some public-spirited citizens of a consumers' cooperative milk company, which would do away with the expensive profits of the middlemen; all of these things will come in time, but they have had to wait while we were trying to secure proper inspection for the public milk supply.

A Credulous Governor

IN THE summer of 1910 a special commission was appointed to investigate the milk problem and to bring in a bill before the present Legislature to make things right. All were producers but one, and he was one of the leading milk experts of the United States, Dr. Milton J. Rosenau. He alone agreed entirely with the principles of our bill. We thought it wise to make minor changes in it to effect a union with the very best element among the producers, and the resulting compromise was the Ellis Bill, called after Mr. Ellis, the farmer on the special committee who most nearly agreed with Dr. Rosenau. The number voting for it was 79 as against 42 in opposition. The following week, early in July, it came before the Senate, which passed it also with an even larger majority, 16 to 6, and then it went to the Governor for his signature. He believed a forlorn contractor whose dirty methods were seriously threatened; he believed the few farmers who, having always justly lamented that dirty milk from other States competed in Massachusetts with our native product on unequal terms, now cried out that the bill was wicked in that it would raise the standard of dairies in other States to that of Massachusetts farms, thus making the competition equal—*q. e. d.*, unjust! He vetoed the bill, and the Democratic machine thought it more important to support the Governor than to save the children of its constituents; and many Republicans likewise considered the pockets of the less clean farmers of supreme importance, so this year once more many hundreds of children will die who might have been saved, and meanwhile the dairy industry in Massachusetts is dwindling yearly.

Over fifty thousand unnecessary deaths of infants occur annually in the United States. The change must come. The Massachusetts Milk Consumers' Association has been at work for less than a year, and but for the Governor's veto it would this year have obtained the enactment of a bill which would have given the consumer his needed safety.

Detectives Who Detect

The Second of a Series of Four Articles on Secret Police Work

By ARTHUR TRAIN

execute them. The quality of his nerve (as well as his foolhardiness) is shown by the fact that he once carried a dress suit-case full of the explosive around the city, jumping on and off street cars, and dodging vehicles. When the proper moment came and the dynamite had been placed in an uncompleted building on Twenty-second Street, Guthrie gave the signal and the police arrested the dynamiters—all of them, including Guthrie, who was placed with the rest in a cell in the Tombs and continued to report to the district attorney all the information which he thus secured from his unsuspecting associates. Indeed, it was hard to convince the authorities that Guthrie was a spy and not a mere accomplice who had turned State's evidence, a distinction of far-reaching legal significance so far as his evidence was concerned.

The final episode in the drama was the unearthing by the police of Hoboken of the secret cache of the dynamiters, containing a large quantity of the explosive. Guthrie's instructions as to how they should find it read like a page from Poe's "Gold Bug." You had to go at night to a place where a lonely road crossed the Erie Railroad tracks in the Hackensack meadows, and mark the spot where the shadow of a telegraph pole (cast by an arc light) fell on a stone wall. This you must climb and walk so many paces north, turn and go so many feet west, and then north again. You then came to a white stone, from which you laid your course through more latitude and longitude until you were right over the spot. The police of Hoboken did as directed, and after tacking round and round the field, found the dynamite. Of course, the union said the whole thing was a plant, and that Guthrie had put the dynamite in the field himself at the instigation of his employers, but before the case came to trial both dynamiters pleaded



Both were out of work, both were Germans, and both liked beer

DETECTIVE work of the sort which involves the betrayal of confidences and friendships naturally excites our aversion—yet in many cases the end undoubtedly justifies the means employed, and often there is no other way to avert disaster and prevent fiendish crimes. Sometimes, on the other hand, the information sought is purely for mercenary or even less worthy reasons, and those engaged in these undertakings range from rascals of the lowest type to men who are ready to risk death for the cause which they represent and who are really heroes of a high order. One of the latter with whom I happened to be thrown professionally was a young fellow of about twenty named Guthrie.

It was during a great strike, and outrages were being committed all over the city of New York by

dynamiters supposed to be in the employ of the unions. Young Guthrie, who was a reckless daredevil, offered his services to the employers, and agreed (for a trifling compensation) to join one of the local unions and try to find out who were the men blowing up office buildings in process of construction and otherwise terrorizing the inhabitants of the city. The story of his success deserves an article by itself, and it is enough here to state that he applied for membership in the organization, and by giving evidence of his courage and fiber managed to secure a place as a volunteer in the dynamiting squad. So cleverly did he pass himself off as a bitter enemy of capital that he was entrusted with secrets of the utmost value and took part in making the plans and procuring the dynamite to

guilty and out to be a where Guthrie his life. He came to the time. But Guthrie was promise to stop.

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AFTER a year with the that spent much out of work, both like enough craving, intimate together, many moved to the during my two health had better detective at first, at the delivery. Inside enough to send at last mailer literally discovered day he but his again.

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guilty and went to Sing Sing. One of them turned out to be an ex-convict, a burglar. I often wonder where Guthrie is now. He certainly cared little for his life. Perhaps he is down in Venezuela or Mexico. He could never be aught than a soldier of fortune. But for a long time the employers thought that Guthrie was a detective sent by the unions to compromise them in the very dynamiting they were trying to stop!

I once had a particularly dangerous and unfortunate case where a private client was being blackmailed by a half-crazy ruffian who had never seen him, but had selected him arbitrarily as a person likely to give up money. The blackmailer was a German Socialist, who was out of employment and was a man of desperate character. He had made up his mind that the world owed him a living, and he had decided that the easiest way to get it was to make some more prosperous person give him a thousand dollars under threat of being exposed as an enemy of society.

The charge was so absurd as to be almost ludicrous, but had my client caused the blackmailer's arrest the matter would have been the subject of endless newspaper notoriety and comment. It was therefore thought wise to make use of other means, and I procured the assistance of a young German-American of my acquaintance, who, in the guise of a vaudeville artist seeking a job, went to the blackmailer's boarding-house and pretended to be looking for an actor friend with a name not unlike that of the criminal.

Confiding in the Detective

FTER two or three visits he managed to scrape an acquaintance with the blackmailer and thereafter spent much time with him. Both were out of work, both were Germans, and both liked beer. My friend had just enough money to satisfy this latter craving. In a month or so they were intimate friends and used to go fishing together down the bay. At last, after many months, the criminal disclosed to the detective his plan of blackmailing my client, and suggested that as two heads were better than one they had better make it a joint venture. The detective pretended to balk at the idea at first, but was finally persuaded, and at the other's request undertook the delivery of the blackmailing letters to my client! Inside of three weeks he had in his possession enough evidence in the criminal's own handwriting to send him to prison for the rest of his life. When at last the detective disclosed his identity the blackmailer at first refused to believe him, and then literally rolled on the floor in his agony and fear at discovering how he had been hoodwinked. The next day he disappeared and has not been heard of since, but his letters are in my vault, ready to be used if he again puts in an appearance.

The records of the police and of the private agencies contain many instances where murderers have confessed their guilt long after the time to supposed friends, who were in reality decoys placed there for that very purpose. It is a peculiarity of criminals that they can not keep their secrets locked in their own breasts. The impulse to confession is universal, particularly in women. Egotism has some part in this, but the chief element is the desire for companionship. Criminals have a horror of dying under an alias. The dignity of identity appeals even to the tramp. This impulse leads oftentimes to the most unnecessary and suicidal disclosures. The murderer who has planned and executed a diabolical homicide and who has retired to obscurity and safety will very likely in course of time make a clean breast of it to some one whom he believes to be his friend. He wants to "get it off his chest," to talk it over, to discuss its fine points, to boast of how clever he was, to ask for unnecessary advice about his conduct in the future, to have at least one other person in the world who has seen his soul's nakedness.

The interesting feature of such confessions from a legal point of view is that no matter how circumstantial they may be, they are not usually of themselves sufficient under our law to warrant a conviction. The admission or confession of a defendant needs legal corroboration. This corroboration is often very difficult to find, and frequently can not be secured at all. This provision of the statutes is doubtless a wise one to prevent hysterical, suicidal, egotistical, and semi-insane persons from meeting death in the electric chair or on the gallows, but it often results in the guilty going unpunished. Personally, I have never known of a criminal to confess a crime of which he was innocent. The nearest thing to it in my experience is when one criminal, jointly guilty with another and

sure of conviction, has drawn lots with his pal, lost, confessed, and in the confession exonerated his companion.

In the police organization of almost every large city there are a few men who are genuinely gifted for the work of detection. Such an one was Petrosino, a great detective, and an honest, unselfish, and heroic man, who united indefatigable patience and industry with reasoning powers of a high order. The most thrilling evening of my life was when my wife and I listened before a crackling fire in my library to Joe's story of the Van Cortlandt Park murder, the night before I was going to prosecute the case. Sitting stiffly in an armchair, his

electric chair. For him I felt not one pang of pity or remorse.

But during the preparation for the case the function of the detective as a decoy was demonstrated in a most effective manner. Strollo was confined in the House of Detention and a detective from Headquarters was introduced there as an ostensible prisoner, under the name of Silvio. Strollo and he began great friends, and when the former was removed to the Tombs, the murderer wrote elaborately to the detective, requesting him to testify as a witness at the trial on his behalf and instructing him what to say in order to establish an alibi. Those letters were the last nail in Strollo's coffin. After his conviction they were stolen by somebody and could not be included in the case on appeal, for which reason the court had some doubt as to whether the conviction should be affirmed. Before the Court of Appeals rendered its decision, however, I found, while cleaning out my safe, photographs of the letters which I had had taken as a precautionary measure, but the existence of which I had forgotten. I now have every important document that comes into my hands as evidence photographed as a matter of course.

A Marked Man

PETROSINO'S physical characteristics were so pronounced that he was probably as widely, if not more widely, known than any other Italian in New York. He was short and heavy, with enormous shoulders and a bull neck, on which was placed a great round head like a summer squash. His face was poeckmarked, and he talked with a deliberation that was due to his desire for accuracy, but which at times might have been suspected to arise from some other cause. He rarely smiled and went methodically about his business, which was to drive the Italian criminals out of the city and country. Of course, being a marked man in more sense than one, it was practically impossible to disguise himself, and, accordingly, he had to rely upon his own investigations and detective powers, supplemented by the efforts of the trained men in the Italian branch, many of whom are detectives of a high order of ability. If the life of Petrosino were to be written, it would be a book unique in the history of criminology and crime, for this man was probably the only great detective

of the world to find his career in a foreign country amid criminals of his own race.

I have instanced Petrosino as an example of a remarkable police detective of a very unusual type, but I have known several other men on the New York Police Force of real genius in their own particular lines of work. One of these is an Irishman who makes a specialty of get-rich-quick men, oil and mining stock operators, wire-tappers and their kin, and who knows the antecedents and history of most of them better than any other man in the country. He is ready to take the part of either a "sucker" or a fellow crook, as the exigencies of the case may demand.

And then there was old Tom Byrnes, of whom everybody knows. There are detectives—real ones—on the police force of all the great cities of the world to-day, most of them specialists, a few of them geniuses capable of undertaking the ferreting out of any sort of mystery, but the last are rare. The police detective usually lacks the training, education, and social experience to make him effective in dealing with the class of élite criminals who make high society their field. Yet, of course, it is this class of crooks who must excite our interest and which fill the pages of popular detective fiction.

The headquarters man has no time or inclination to follow the sporting duchess and the fictitious earl who accompanies her in their picturesque wanderings around the world. He is busy inside the confines of his own country. Parents or children may disappear, but the mere seeking of oblivion on their part is no crime and does not concern him except by special dispensation on the part of his superiors. Divorced couples may steal their own children back and forward, royalties may inadvertently involve themselves with undesirables, governmental information exude from State portals in a peculiar manner, business secrets pass into the hands of rivals, race-horses develop strange and untimely diseases, husbands take long and mysterious trips from home—a thousand exciting and worrying things may happen to the astonishment, distress, or intense interest of nations, governments, political parties or private individuals, which from their very nature are outside the purview of the regular police. Here, then, is the field of the secret agent or private detective, and here forsooth is where the detective of genuine deductive powers and the polished address of the so-called "man of the world" are needed.



The impulse to confession is universal, particularly in women

The Great Bartram

The Story of a Famous Actor's Début in Vaudeville

By VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

ON THE afternoon of a public holiday in spring, Dominick Bartram, the great Bartram of the legitimate stage, left his celebrated Russian wolfhound on guard in the automobile, which was the other thing he loved best in the world, and took with him into the vaudeville theater, where he was just then figuring as a headliner at a thousand dollars a week, the new bull-terrier which he wished to present to a young lady. Before such a presentation he wanted another expert's opinion on his gift, and for this he relied upon a rival headliner, the young Champion Pugilist, who would be certain to drop into the dressing-room presently, partly to discuss the terrier and partly to complain to Bartram about the decay of dramatic art.

Now this was a day upon which Bartram wished especially to believe that dramatic art might still flourish. A couple of years before he had made a place for himself in vaudeville with a humane and charming sketch of sentiment; he had followed this with a brilliant farce and with a brief tragedy, taken, with astonishingly small loss, straight from De Maupassant, and to-day he was to present for the first time a little satiric comedy of manners called "The Mask"; his career seemed to him so bound up with its success that if it failed, he did not see exactly what he was to do with his life. And yet for that life and that career a vaudeville theater seemed a strange solution.

For even the American public had not been the first to welcome Bartram as its darling and its dazzer. London had made much of that youth of his in which he had, nevertheless, startled everybody by his infatuation for a delicate, remote lady, years older than himself, who had quarreled with her resplendent family to marry another man. In her widowhood she provided for the child of her first marriage by marrying Bartram, and it was not until after her death that he came to America with her boy, whom he sent to school and to college, while he allowed himself to become the rage on Broadway.

He was extremely human, and he had enjoyed this rage as much as the next man, but he had never understood it. It had always been part of his immense charm that no gaudiness of popularity had ever robbed him of a certain shyness, as if he still felt a faint little mocking wonder and delight and incredulity at there being such a fuss about him. As a matter of fact, Bartram cut two very different figures—one in the world's eye and one in his own.

The world had first seen him as a plain, pale, slender boy, whose tall figure was very delicately made—a boy with dark eyes and hair, a musical and lazy voice, a reputation as the best swordsman the stage had ever been blessed with, and the general melancholy distinction of a banished lord. Ladies conceived of him as inclining toward consumption unless understood by loving hearts; a kind of sad mist grew up about his name, assisted by the properties of the dead wife, the orphan child, the Russian princess who was said to have poisoned herself on his account, and a famous photograph that happened to get taken of him, in character, holding a violin.

THE very clever, who knew that there was about as much of the invalid in Bartram's fitness of build as in the slightness of a foil or of the white Russian hounds which, perhaps out of compliment to the deceased princess, he had always affected, said he looked like some one by Velasquez. But to the gentler sex it is to be feared that he seemed considerably more like some one by Ouida. Therefore, in the general public's picture of his illustriousness everything that was embittered, that was languid, aristocratic, disillusioned, pensive, and magnetic was gracefully draped.

To himself, on the other hand, Bartram appeared as a lean, blackish, middle-aged man, whose bony

northern cast of face had never forgotten that his mother had been Irish, and whose main pleasure in life was to tramp about the country with one pocket of his old greatcoat stuffed with cheese sandwiches and the other with paper volumes of foreign realists; a man with an immense capacity for work and play and love and living—if only he had not lost the key to them, somehow—but keenly aware of having failed to touch the woman he had devoutly wooed, and suffering, nowadays, from no passion but a too exclusive taste for a certain drastic quality in life (variously called the first-rate, the first-hand, the real thing), whether he found it in artistic triumphs, or in the automobile which alone made possible for him the roughness of his favorite water, the wildness on certain solitary coasts, on certain exposed roads cresting bare, unbroken fields of his favorite winds; or in the society of Russian princesses and champion pugilists and of Flavia Burke, the song-and-dance artist his stepson was engaged to marry.

Both these portraits were absolutely correct.

THEIR composite reality was still sitting in his shirt-sleeves with his pipe in his mouth when the Champion arrived, attired in a new and very elegant light gray suit in which he had scrupulously decided against a boutonnière. All doubts about the terrier were set at rest; the terrier was as he should be, and the Champion sat down and looked thoughtfully a while at Bartram, whom he forgave for being a little preoccupied—he was preoccupied himself.

Bartram was nervous. His comedy lay upon his heart, like a beloved woman for whom he was about to fight; and yet it was itself the weapon for that combat, and he took it in the hands of his memory, his judgment, and tried and tested it and ran his eye along its edge and examined every spot that might be weak. And then he heard the Champion saying: "But this is the thing that gets me."

The thing that got the Champion Pugilist was as follows: "I don't know what things are coming to Barty, when fellows like you are shoved over into this part of the business." He frowned, tilting in his chair. "It's not that I've got anything against vaudaville—I like a good bright show as well as anybody. But what knocks me out in your being here is that you've got to be—that they don't make it worth your while to stay on Broadway."

Bartram, still bent over in peering down the dog's throat, lifted a glance that was swift with that skeptical shyness. But observing the young man to be in deadly earnest, he made him a confidence. "Oh, on Broadway—my day's done for, Dan," he said, as sadly as he chose.

His friend made a little impatient, expostulating gesture, and he went on: "There isn't in this business any place whatever for a man who's too big for a member of a company, and who's not big enough for a star. He—"

"Aw, big enough for a star, not big enough for a star—you!"

Bartram gave a kind of wry laugh in swallowing the full dose of indignant flattery that was poured out for him in this ejaculation. He made a little gesture that indicated his surroundings. "The proof of the pudding—" he said.

"Well, I can't understand it," said the Champion Pugilist. "I can't understand it." He instanced one star and then another. "Are either of 'em in it with you? Not by a long—are managers blind babies or are they all blame fools? Filling up their shows with fellows that either look like natural born uncles or else don't know anything but whether they're wearing open-work socks this year! Is this a dagger that I see before me? Is there one of them that can really cough that up? No, you bet there isn't, Barty, and you know it—But say, it's a great speech, isn't it? I used to have a go at that myself, when I was a kid."

He paused, reflecting, and then he followed Barty's example by striking the match for his cigar on the sign which said that smoking was not allowed behind the scenes.

"Look here! I wanted to take my brother's fiancée to a theater the other evening, and when I asked her to name her choice, by golly, Barty, there wasn't a thing she was keen about! That shows you! And then her mother piped up and said: 'Why don't they have actors like Dominick Bartram any more? When I was a young woman—'

"Ah, exactly!" Bartram interrupted. "Her mother."

"You're off. Yes, why don't they?" said the girl. "I've got a picture of him in a—Launcelet, and another in Polo-and-What's-Her-Name, and you can lay your money he's the man with the punch for mine," or words to that effect. "Why don't they have him?" And I said: "You can search me."

"My compliments to that lady!" said Bartram. "And tell her those likenesses were taken many years ago. I can't afford Broadway, Dan, that's all. I can't afford to play the best paper gentleman for three hundred a week. I want more money, I want more fun, I want my own way. No, now you've started me, I've got to talk. If I were a star, well, then, perhaps I might chloroform my managers and get hold of a part with which to set the fashions, but the time is past when I can follow them. Fashionable parts for a matinée hero! Poor, cheap, empty little dodges—one does any of them with no more than a turn of the wrist in the first place, and it's always the same turn; that's what does for one. If I'm nothing but a highly trained juggler, even a juggler permits himself new tricks."

BARTRAM paused. He watched the smoke that seemed to carry his words away. "Even with a real part, the devil is in long runs. The last I had stood me in three



"Why isn't the kind of girl I am a pretty good kind, when you come right down to it?"

years; by the time I got through with it there was nothing left but the grain of the carpet. It nearly killed me." He put his arm in the dog's mouth, shaking him a little to and fro, and the dog munched on him, happily.

"Of course, I, as well as the next man, console myself with the notion that I'm too good for the game. In those bright hours I find that I might easily enough have been a star, if I hadn't preferred to be a crank—just unable to swallow the ideas of stupid people and the words of stupid plays when they'd turned cold in my mouth."

"That's what I think," said the Champion.

"Then I find I have decided that the man there's no room for on Broadway is the man that won't play trash. As for me, I played it too long. I should have registered my kick when I was a youngster with a long lead. A man looks a fool waving a forlorn hope after he's come to forty years." He added in little jerks: "He'd best, then, play about in vaudeville. And thank God for vaudeville. It's made me a good democrat. It's a court of popular appeal, Dan. Where there's room for everything. Even for me and my theories. Which can't be, it tells me, so damned unpopular after all! You're a very patient person," he said to the gravely listening Champion.

"Well, it knocks me out," said the Champion. He sighed. "Where's the child actor?"

BARTRAM knew that this was the Champion's invidious way of referring to Lennie Reid, that stepson of Bartram whose appearance in vaudeville with him, while awaiting a partnership in a certain broker's office, the Champion for some reason found offensive. Bartram himself had suspected from the first that it was less the idea of acting than the opportunities for meeting Flavia Burke, the frequent bookings at the same theater, which interested the lad. Even when Lennie came and told him, at Flavia's insistence, that they were engaged, he was not surprised, but he knew it was not what Lennie had expected for himself—and it was still less what Lennie's grandfather, meeting him at the house of a man he had known at college, had recently undertaken to expect for him. Times were changing with Lennie, and Bartram answered the Champion's question with his eye on the great white dog which he had bought for Lennie, but which he now intended for Flavia Burke, because the dog preferred her.

"Lennie is offended with me" (he unwontedly indulged the Champion's prejudice), "because I run the car too fast for him. He has thrown me down in reference to Wales next summer, and, as far as the present temple of art is concerned, he now arrives and departs entirely on his own."

"Well, I hate to say it, Barty, but I've slid in that machine with you when if it hadn't been midnight in the country our ride would ha' been all bumpy with murdered pedestrians. And me too scared to care! I can't wonder the angel-child wants to save its neck."

"Every man to his taste," said the great Bartram, beginning to make up. "Here's our man now."

He proved to be a tall and comely young person; almost as tall, indeed, as either of the men before him, and beside Bartram's extreme slenderness he began, at twenty-three, to show a certain settled and well-fed prosperity. But he was in a tearing temper and the Champion took his feet off Bartram's trunk and departed.

AS HE turned the corner of the stairs, having something he wanted to talk over with Miss Burke, he heard the rage of the boy's voice rising thickly. "Take it either way, then. You can say she threw me down or you can say I threw her down. Either way, it's off."

The Champion paused, frowning, and then turned round to close the door, whose crack was letting out what it ought not.

And as he neared the door there came out to him: "I didn't say anything against dancing. I only said that even if Imogene and Hal were in front this afternoon they'd keep their mouths shut, so after

we got to England—people'll have to think she was some kind of an actress, of course, but no need to let them know she'd been an actual dancer—"

The Champion, with his hand on the knob, paused, stricken with amazement. There rose before him the vision of Flavia Burke in all the young flush of her first success, in her long, slim strength and cleanliness, her grace and gleam, all white and rose and gold.

"It was for her own sake as well as mine! If they're prepared to be decent to her I don't want them to know I'm marrying a girl out of what they'd think was the gutter! What's the use of pretending things are what they were a month ago?"



He looked around, away from Flavia, away from the stage

Or as if I were going to stay on the stage? Ever since mother's family have decided to—to—"Take you up?"

"Well, yes, then, take me up. I've tried—and besides, any one can see how she's begun to whisper and go on with that prize-fighter! I guess he's the kind that's really congenial to her! I told her that she didn't deny it—"

"You pup!" said Bartram.

And at that the Champion Pugilist, a person of the most delicate sensibilities, realized that he was listening to something he ought not, flushed horribly, and loudly banged the door. At the head of the stairs Flavia leaned down toward him and their understanding eyes met in a swift mutual current. He ran up the steps.

Thus it came about that for all their confidence in each other neither he nor Bartram ever confided the main thing that had been in each man's mind that day. The Champion did not tell Bartram how dissatisfied was the management with the "high-brow" quality of Bartram's new sketch; how they, the managers, had confided to him that they did not believe that it would go, and wished that Bartram better understood how necessary it was for success—even in vaudeville!—that art's warrior should bow his crested head and tame his heart of fire. And Bartram did not tell the Champion that he had burned his ships; that the first spirited legitimate offer of some years had been refused by him the night before, because life had left him with nothing to show except what he had learned about acting and because he believed that he had found, at last, the way to show it.

Bartram was made up and already dazzlingly immured in the evening clothes essential to the delight of the proletariat, when there sounded upon his door the meekest of knocks. He knew it came from a hand more prone to a rowdy and a casual friendliness; it was Flavia with Flavia left out—smoothed down, as usual of late, to suit the elegance of Lennie's elderly relations. And Bartram smiled: "Come in."

She stood on the threshold, sending in advance of her shy, scouting glances. She was fair and tall; she had a sensitive, tameless face, and the fine nostrils of the thoroughbred, the thickness of her springy hair was of a yellow almost frosted; her gray eyes had something, too, of that infinite coolness. But otherwise she was one flush of life; the feathery foam of her white gown shimmered over rosy skirts, she had blush roses in that frost-fair hair, the scarf about her shoulders glimmered like Aurora's, her silken feet and ankles gleamed out from the folds that clung down to them in shining rose.

SHE was tingling from head to foot with youth; and if everything about her was long and strong and slim and boyish, all this colt-like legginess of awkward freedom seemed only to accentuate the something in her, as yet immature, of which the grace was deeply, primitively feminine. This grace was present even in the abruptness with which she stuck out her hand at Bartram; saying, in a great hurry and yet with the drawl of a kind of royal softness: "Just came to wish you luck."

"Wish it to me sitting down," said Bartram. "Mayn't I talk to you? Here's your album, inscribed profusely."

She had seated herself with a stupendous propriety that found its climax in the demure, the decorous crossing of her ribboned ankles. The bull-terrier came suddenly and laid his head upon her lap and she crushed him in against her with a quick comradeship before she took her album into a dubious hand and regarded its tinted leaves, its surfaces of crimson plush, with a cold eye. "The O'Rourke Brothers handed me this," she said, "for clog-dancing—must be seven years ago. I wanted a better one for you to write in, but I couldn't find any different—except with flowers on that looked like they'd been made out o' colored soap. Mission furniture was the kind of look I wanted, but there seemed to be something lonely in my idea."

HER tremulous, sidelong smile quested along the verses he had quoted: "Across the years you seem to come." Are they all jay-autograph albums? Well, I'm a jay!" And for the first time she lifted to his her deep and shining glance.

This was always luminous, but it seemed to him, now, to have been lately bright with tears, and he did not know what to say before she had dropped it again and read:

"Across the years with nymph-like tread,
And wind-blown brows unfileted."

How does it mean—unfileted?" And she shot a glance into the mirror.

"No insult is intended," Bartram laughed. And he could see her skimming down the lines:

"Where'er you go, where'er you pass,
There comes a gladness on the grass."

Ah, now that's nice!" she thrilled in her deep, throaty note of youth.

"You bring blythe airs where'er you tread,
Blythe airs that blow from down and sea,
You wake in me a Pan not dead,
Not wholly dead, An-to-no-e."

She stumbled over that, and he said: "It's only a girl's name—a very nice girl, as you say."

"And the other one—is that the one that looks like a goat?"

"Who, Pan? Yes, but I believe he had other qualities."

"And do you like to have him waked in you? There was a picture of him once on a patent medicine bottle we had—came with one of those circulairs that let on to you how if you don't eat anything but grass your hair'll keep curled till you're a hun-

dred—and it made me shudder every time I looked at it. Not the diet, you understand, but the bad old face of him—it had a look to it I just ran from."

"You mustn't run now. In those verses he's meant for something fine, something happy; I copied them for you—they're rather personal, I know—when I thought we were going to be great friends—almost relations—" he said gravely, questioningly, and Flavia sprang to her feet.

"Must we talk about it?"

IMMEDIATELY she sat down again. "I'll tell you anything you want."

"I only want to know if it's inevitable. If it will make you happier to have it all off, or to let me investigate poor Lennie's mind and see what there is in it. I might find something better than you think."

"I guess I've found all there is," she said. "I'd hate to think there was any more like the sample!" Her breast heaved and he knew that he was right; she had been crying.

"Aren't men—men?" she suddenly demanded. "Don't they care, ever, about—us? Are they always worried about something on the side—like what the waiter's going to think, or what the boys are saying at the club? Is what they like about a girl her hat's not being too big, and her skirt's being the swell length, and her never having seen the inside of a lunch-cart nor won a game of poker nor done up her shirt-waists in the basin? Mind you, Mr. Bartram, I don't mind his telling me, his wanting me to get things straight. What I mind's his *minding*. I'd just as soon wear a thimble on my head with one chaste little grape stuck on to it, if Lennie likes 'em. I'd just as soon wear clothes I could slide into restaurants in, and out again, and not 'excite attention'—as if I was ashamed of something. But what I've seen, I've seen, and the kind of girl I am, that's what I am. I can't change it. And why should I? After all, what's wrong with me? Why isn't the kind of girl I am a pretty good kind, when you come down to it, and what is there about me he oughtn't to be mighty glad I am?"

"There's nothing, Flavia," he answered humbly.

"And—dancing! Why, I'm proudest of that! He might well be ashamed if I danced badly—but to

dance right—why, that—oh!—doesn't he *know* anything?" she demanded.

"Did you ask him?" Bartram said.

"Never! I just said: 'Let me get out of this!' Until to-day I've been a good girl—haven't I?—like a mouse, and scarcely breathed, for fear I'd say something to mortify the man I was engaged to. But I've been pretty sick, just the same, often enough, wondering were men all like that. 'But no!' I said, 'can anybody imagine Dan Reagan not backing a girl up?'"

Bartram saw a light, a light from which he winced a little. Had Lennie in a sense seen truly? Dan Reagan was the Champion Pugilist. Bartram wondered if he knew now why Dan had always disliked Lennie.

And Flavia, perhaps in kindness, added: "Or—or you? Not in a thousand years!—Oh, please try and understand me, Mr. Bartram. What I mean is, I can't stand for a woman marrying any man that isn't just dead crazy to marry her. And by that I mean *dead crazy*. For me, he'd have to be so proud of me he wouldn't know what the next stand was. There mustn't be an inch of me, from my soul right out, he didn't—there's a word they use themselves when they get married—that he didn't—cherish. Ah, not for mine! That's all."

AND Bartram had nothing to say to this. Indeed, it was singular how little, during the whole interview, he had found speech. He, the calm, the wise, the experienced, had been left to follow the girl's mood, the rebellion of which she was offering him in gentleness, so docilely, so piously, as if begging him to find in it something worthy of a profound moment. It was becoming plainer and plainer to him how he had relied of late upon those children's Utopian engagement. The notion of that girl as a household figure in his days had seemed to savor the whole of them with salt; it was as if a living step were advancing down the airless corridors, a stir and freshness were moving in the rich, the dusty rooms of his closed life. His fancy had caught glimpses of her in some future homestead, pausing in a doorway, crossing a floor, kneeling on some open hearth, and the walls of that house had turned real to him; real as the drama he had promised himself, the vividness and variety of her sensations in learning that new

world of Lennie's. He would have liked to see her matched against the greatest of worlds, but not, he now admitted to himself, bound with the cutting ideals of being Lennie's wife. If she must suffer, she was one whose heart he would prefer to see broken rather than her spirit. Thus he was glad that she was using her strong wings for flight. It was best. But it was hard. For Lennie was going to England shortly, on some errand for his grandfather which promised to pay, eventually, better than any brokerage; now more than ever there was a sense in which he would never come back. And even Lennie had been something. If, for human interest, the great Bartram had been reduced to watching his stepson's love affairs, it was at least well to have the love affairs to watch.

THUS he had neither consolation nor advice to offer Flavia, not even when she said, after some little struggle to find voice again: "No, that's not true. It isn't all. It's enough. But there's something besides that."

"That Lennie's done?"

"No, no—poor Lennie! That's why I'm telling you—to let him out. It's only that if it hadn't been this way it would have been just some other. I couldn't marry Lennie—ah, no, I can not! I've been seeing that. I've changed. I'm not the same girl that was so sick and scared after my big hit with my 'River' dance, to see what pigs—ah, beasts!—they were all making of themselves about me, and thought how sweet and respectable and taken care of I'd feel, married to a nice young fellow—he did seem a nice young fellow. No, I've found something out about myself. And there are things that after you've found them you don't go back on them. They suit you. They're it, for you—that so?"

There rose again before Bartram the good and gay face of the young Champion, who seemed to ask him, in his offhanded strength, in his soft voice, if this were not better after all. He wondered if that were what Flavia had found out. And when she rose and put out her hand again, he could only say as he took and held it: "Farewell, Flavia!"

She looked into his face for a considerable length of time, clutching the crimson plush autograph album against her breast as though she gathered

(Continue on page 39)

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Containing the first of a series of fourteen Articles on

The American Newspaper
By Will Irwin

The American Newspaper

THE READER'S OPINION OF HIS HOME PAPER

In connection with our year's work on the newspaper situation, Collier's offered sixty prizes of \$50 each in cities and regions of the United States and Canada, for the best letters from readers concerning their newspapers. We can not, unfortunately, publish all the prize letters; we have not the space. What we wanted, after all, was a free expression of general public opinion; and we surely got that. To those among the prize-winners who find themselves left out, we give for their consolation the old editorial formula: "Rejection does not necessarily imply lack of merit." We are printing only such letters as describe not special conditions but general ones—that have a meaning not only for the one community but for every community. Later we may tabulate into statistics various opinions expressed by the authors of these letters. It is safe, however, to state certain general conclusions in advance of that process. Few of the writers profess to be influenced by the editorial page. The news columns, on the other hand, most of them believe—"with a grain of salt." Hundreds of writers used that very phrase. Here, however, is a surprise. The most common criticism, and the one most violently expressed, was "bad advertising." The obscene and misleading display of quacks and patent-medicine fakers was the point of special attack with the greater part of our correspondents. The next instalment of these letters will be published in the issue of September 30, and will include letters from St. Louis, Mo., Jacksonville, Fla., Tacoma, Wash., Albuquerque, N. M.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Reporter and the News

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

Will Irwin

PORLAND, OREGON

To avoid the reproach of printing key paragraph matter, we state that "the paper" referred to by the author of this prize-winning letter is doubtless the Portland "Oregonian."

WE HAVE four daily newspapers in our town. Three of them we call by their Christian names. The other we call "the paper." "Haven't you seen 'the paper' to-day?" is not at all vague, because if a person meant any of the others he would say so. This should give you an idea of the standing of "the paper" among ourselves; and our town is not a village. From the COLLIER's standpoint it is "one of the fifty-six." On the outside we are accustomed to hearing our paper spoken of as one of the great—not big—papers of the nation; and it is certainly the leading paper in this section of the country. Does that sound provincial? Well, you must just take it on trust that our editor, who made our paper, was a man of national repute.

The sorry part of all this is that we who have been so proud of our paper now find ourselves somewhat in the position of the friends of the late lamented J. J. Jeffries. Of course the blow has not come so suddenly nor so publicly, but we know that our champion has begun to go down the hill. Our editorials are as able as ever on questions of art, literature, or the drama; on national and international events the paper still speaks with the voice of one having authority, and its opinions are received with general respect. Well, then, what is the matter in our town? What has gone wrong? I believe the answer is—"the paper." "The paper" itself has gone wrong, locally at least. It has of late years allied itself with the

elements in our city that stand for corruption. The result has been that serious-minded people are turning to the other papers with an interest that formerly we would have deemed impossible, especially now that two of the smaller papers have come out squarely for honest city government and are supporting good men in our coming election. We have been making a fight here for a clean city, and the papers that have come into the fight on the right side have had a surprising growth and the support and respect of our better citizens. We who are the old readers of "the paper" feel sad to see it pushed aside by the newcomers, but we recognize the justice of the new order of things. Samson with his hair cut is not a pleasant sight, especially when he is your Samson, and to know that it was coming to him does not comfort you any. If some day he would arise in his old-time strength and vigor and take a fresh grip on things how happy and hopeful we would be.

A WOMAN.

This little parable—which almost walks on four feet—comes from a rural free delivery route near Hood River:

PORLAND—and Oregon—boasts three newspapers: the "Oregonian," oldest and only morning paper; the "Telegram," sister evening edition of the above; and the "Journal," also an evening paper, youngest and most progressive. None pretends to that Utopian ideal, a mere mirror of events, nor would we tolerate such a paper. They must, and do, take sides vigorously.

Picture that distressing scene—an astonished old mother hen squawkingly remonstrating with her web-foot brood, as it gaily disports in the farmyard pool, while the successfully seductive duckling stranger utters joyful quacks. Such is the situation in Port-

land—and Oregon—newspaperdom: The "Oregonian," born with the town, and grown fat, comfortable, set, as grew the town, is the hen, and the "Journal" is the stranger duckling. The "Oregonian" has fought a good fight and has kept the faith in the past. But, become staid with age, it has settled back on its roost and said: "Let us rest." However, while it rested, some rascals changed the eggs it was hatching, and behold the brood stampeding to the pool of ultraprogressivism, and the company of the saucy, seductive, red-head-lined "Journal," while the "Oregonian" squawks its discomfiture.

It stormed and inveighed; it scorned openly and with silent contempt; it argued and it cajoled. But the formerly obedient brood will play in the wet, and what may the old hen do?

The "Oregonian's" strength lies, first, in its morning monopoly, thus reaching the city at breakfast and the State by supper-time, most desirable time in each case; second, in its being the pioneer paper, an established institution and household necessity; and, last, in its well-earned and established rank beside such papers as the Springfield "Republican" and the Boston "Transcript." These factors still keep it in the front rank, despite its antipathy to the general spirit of the State.

The "Journal" is young, a little blatant, but, on the whole, true, though you sometimes need to take it with your proverbial pinch of salt. It has come to stay, in answer to the need of the most democratic State in the Union.

And as more newcomers enter the State, who "knew not Moses," the factors of the "Oregonian's" strength will gradually lose force. This the paper itself perceives. With many squawkings of "Wells," "Buts," and "Perhapses," it is gradually wetting its

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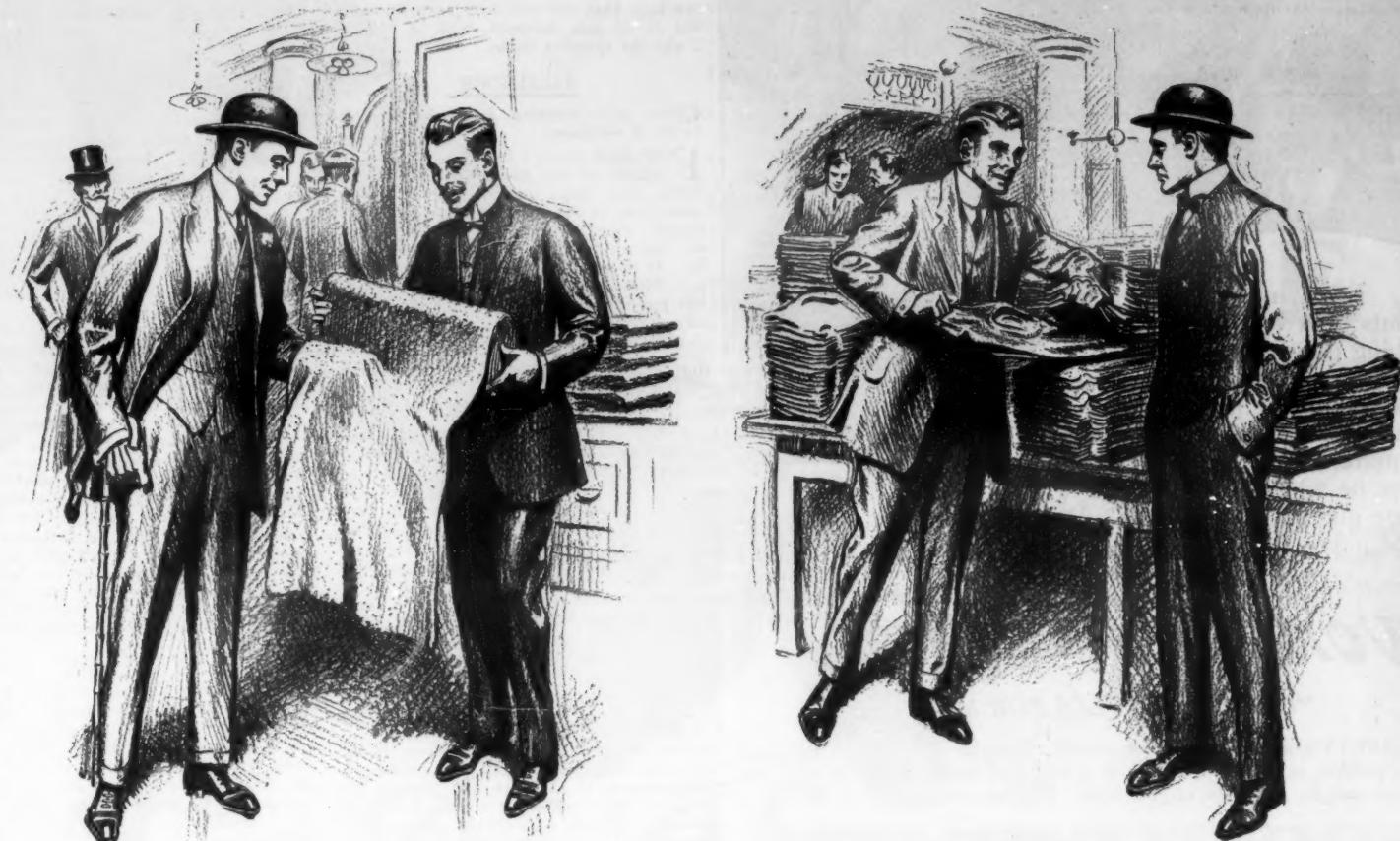


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Do You Buy Your Clothes From The Piece Or From The Pile?

If you buy them from the *piece*, they are "taped" to your inches and tailored to your individuality. If you buy them from the *pile*, --? You'll notice a mighty difference when you wear

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

\$20 to \$45

Being tailored to your measure, they will bring out all there is in *your* taste and *your* type. They will give *you* the spell of power that a strong personality always casts. Five hundred patterns—thirty fashion models—your choice of 15,000 English and American styles and every one in *your* size, because it will be tailored to *your* measure and *yours* only.

Ask the Authorized Representative of *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* in your town to show you our hundreds of "chic" merchant-tailoring patterns for Autumn and Winter. Among them is *your* preferred pattern. All are all-wool and out-of-the-ordinary, such as our color-dotted Chanticleer Cloths, our rare patterns in Plain and Broken Diagonals, our Wide and Narrow Pin Stripes in tints of brown, blue, lavender and pure white, our British Tweeds and our shaggy Shetland Overcoatings.

Go to our Representative *to-day*. Our seal, pictured below, is in his window and on our label. It guarantees our tailoring, as though bond-backed. If you don't know our Representative in your town, write to us for his name and for the Autumn Edition of "The Drift of Fashion," No. 9, the famous tailor-shop-in-print. Simply address

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.





Every man who puts on a *von Gal* hat has something more than a fine hat. He wears a permanent guarantee of satisfaction. This is the one hat that must be to your liking. The fit—the material—the style—the wear—all must be what you pay for. Your dealer guarantees it to you—we guarantee it to him. Do you wonder at the strong trend of public favor that has given to

von Gal made Hats

"CORRECT STYLES FOR MEN"

their wonderful vogue? Whether soft or stiff, the styles of these hats are recognized everywhere as leaders. There is a *von Gal* made style that suits your height, your weight, the shape of your face. Do you wear it?

Prices \$3, \$4 and \$5. At your dealer's—or, if he cannot supply you, write for Fall and Winter Style Book M, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 20 to cover expressage.

We are Makers of the *Hawes* Celebrated \$3 Hat

Offices and Salesrooms:
1178 Broadway, New York
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Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED

Factories:
Danbury, Connecticut
Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada
Straw Hat Factory:
Baltimore, Maryland

YOU know how you feel in a poorly fitting suit, when a really well-dressed man appears. Makes you wish *you* had gone to a merchant tailor, doesn't it?

Why not do so next time? Then you can get one of the exclusive

"Shackamaxon" TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Guaranteed Fabrics

We make these fabrics in our own mills, of the finest grades of pure live-fleece wool and sell them only to good merchant tailors.

Their soft, beautiful finish and distinctive patterns are world-famed among merchant-tailored men.

Always look for the name "Shackamaxon" stamped on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, the fabric isn't Shackamaxon.

Write us for the new Shackamaxon fall style book and correct dress chart; also the name of a tailor near you handling Shackamaxon fabrics.

J R Keim & Co.
Shackamaxon Mills Philadelphia



"Shackamaxon" TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Guaranteed Fabrics

feet in the progressive pool. It is evident that she must go to her ducklings, though she likes not the water. One thing is sure, she *must* go to them, for they *will not* come to her. Perhaps it is more than we can hope that she will ever learn to swim. We in Oregon, however, will be content if she but splash a little.

BALTIMORE

This prize-winning letter brings the flavor of old days:

FOR many years I have been a constant reader of the daily papers of Baltimore, and, after careful consideration, have come to the conclusion that the Baltimore "Sun" meets best with my ideas of what representative newspaper should be. It is a well-arranged, interesting paper, filled with the glow of living news, but not streaked with the spreading malady of yellowness. Its news columns are generally reliable, and in my experience as its reader I have never found that it will knowingly conceal the truth because it may harm, or place upon vice and error the mask of virtue and perfection.

I believe its greatest potentiality and popularity it owes to its very efficient editorials. They relate to live issues and touch in every sense the pulse of the modern age. They are written in a very convincing style, and if they do not influence opinion they at least stimulate thought. While I differ at times with its policies pertaining either to local or national questions, nevertheless I have found the "Sun" an able and honest guide, the persistent foe of sham and iniquity wherever found, and with aims always directed toward the noblest heights.

The "Sun" deserves special commendation for championing at all times the cause of the maligned South; for the devotion to its people and traditions, to its interests and ideals. Although politically independent, it has been the zealous devotee of every unadulterated tenet of true democratic faith, and still is anchored to the policy of the sovereignty of the States and for liberalism in our Government and institutions.

I venture to say as the result of some observation that there is one page in the newspaper which appeals to all readers alike, and that is the miscellaneous page. I call it by that name for want of a more definite term. On that page are found the editorials, generally one or two well-selected poems, some clippings of humor, quotations from worthy editorials of other papers, something of distinguished personages, and events and other items that occupy a minimum of space, but are always interesting. After glancing through the daily press, recounting the toll of the tragic and dramatic happenings, this page is a relief to the mind, and appeals to the wandering reader as a recuperating retreat from the turbulence of humanity.

This country is now confronted with some grave and vexing political and social problems that are pressing for solution, and if these problems are to be adjusted in the spirit of fairness and justice we need enlightenment from the press. If we are to keep inviolate the free government and institutions of this Republic from the demoralizing hand of privilege and wealth, we must look toward an independent and righteous journalism as our aid and ally, and under the clouded skies of an intense and perplexed civilization we hope it will illuminate our path so we may know the truth and abide by it.

CINCINNATI

WHERE more than one newspaper is published each has, born of competition, some carefully nurtured superiority over the others. Preferences for a certain newspaper arise from its typographical blackness or openness, its sensational or conservative tone, its leaning toward extravagance or placidity, its prejudice or fairness in battle, its fidelity to time-worn practises or ceaseless pursuit of freshness and novelty, its local and national political bias, or some well-developed department that peculiarly grips the interest.

In Cincinnati a singular condition exists. It is generally known that the "Enquirer," famous over the land as a reliable bearer of the world's news; the "Commercial-Tribune," the other Cincinnati morning paper that caters to a smaller and narrower circle; and the "Times-Star," distinguished for its extraordinary circulation claims, an evening paper owned by the President's brother, all are hand in glove with Cincinnati's notorious boss-ridden government. Though these three papers can be relied upon for the news when it affects none of their supporters or adherents, when some constituent of the municipal bosses suffers accident or misfortune of news value, this triumvirate may be depended upon to crush the facts into brief mention, even obliterate them utterly. Under investigation I found the

"Post" to be the one Cincinnati daily paper that neither money nor power can sway.

Now I want my paper to give me the news—all of it that is printable—at a handy price. The "Enquirer" costs five cents daily, the only newspaper in America, I believe, imposing that aristocratic price.

The "Commercial-Tribune" costs three cents, and the "Times-Star" and the "Post" each one cent.

The "Post" headlines circumstances of local importance usually subordinating foreign news. Sentences are short, clear, directly to the point. Other papers pad into columns what the "Post" confines to paragraphs.

But "Post" editorials, in their desperately frantic efforts to convince, seem to me to assume an undignified, narrow-minded attitude toward the opposition contrary to the spirit of fairness. A newspaper's business is to present facts, point out analogies, draw forceful conclusions, but not, as does the "Post," strive with tempestuous fury to burn its notions, theories, judgments into the reader's mind in spite of all, truth itself. The adroit may quite easily twist truth to serve selfish ends.

Because of this rabid editorial tendency numbers of business men I meet regard "Post" statements as apocryphal, instancing that iconoclasts who incessantly blast, break, and destroy, whether for bad or good, never are held in universal high esteem. However, the "Post" no doubt wins many subscribers by its inflammatory editorials, which one may ignore if he chooses. For myself, "Post" news statements are literal facts. DULANEY BAKER.

A FREE LANCE

J. G. Mitchell writes from a R. F. D. route near Lafontaine, Kansas. "Bourbon red turkeys," reads his letter-head, "Rhode Island red chickens, Duron Jersey hogs; Pedigrees furnished with every hog sold." Mr. Mitchell is a farmer; but the R. F. D. brings him his Kansas City "Star" every day just the same; and to Colonel Nelson and COLLIER'S in particular, and all the tribe of journalists in general, he addresses these words of admonition:

I CAN find you lots of farmers here in Kansas that would get at more facts in this search of yours than your noted writers, and not only more truthful but better stuff. You people who edit the big papers are the most egotistical as well as the most provincial set in the world—you have no influence whatever. As for forming another man's views, I believe no man has ever lived who could change another man's views by words of his own. We do not take a paper to get some idea of what we like and believe, but to see what you fellows think. Sometimes a man will, apparently, have another man securely tied to his band wagon till something comes along which interferes with his own welfare, then the first man finds in a hurry that he did not have the other fellow hypnotized after all. I know a man here in Kansas who has been a consistent Insurgent for months; he has been raising wheat for several years, but crops have been light, and this winter the wheat, apparently, all died; he made up his mind to never try to raise wheat again in this part of the country. Now this man has been arguing all the time that reciprocity with Canada could not hurt the wheat-raisers of the United States in the least—in fact, it would help them out. He was converted by editorials; he quoted them at length, as well as President Taft and every large man he could think of, to prove that it was what the wheat-raiser needed. And he thought, too, incidentally, that he might get lumber cheaper; but last week the rain came, and with it the beautiful snow—and you know snow in Kansas in February makes biscuits cheaper in every home on the globe. This man's wheat, that he thought was dead, looks now like it was good for thirty bushels to the acre—and, oh, what a change in the man! He blasphemed Taft for trying to force such a bill through Congress; said it would ruin every farmer in the State; wants to get up a monster demonstration to scare Campbell and keep him in line; and all because he thinks he is going to have some wheat to sell.

No, we do not any of us believe any of your editorials, unless they happen to coincide with our own original views. Now let me give you a tip on one thing that newspaper folk consider a priceless asset: that is, the interviews with prominent men. Cut it! No one ever reads them, except perhaps the reporter and the prominent man. I know editors think this one of the best ever—just like Uncle Jerry Phillips used to always spit on his bait when fishing, no matter if he never got a bite and the rest of the boys were hauling them out by the load, he always stuck to it that you could not catch fish unless you did spit on the hook; so is an editor.

The author has evidently never visited New Orleans or the Pacific Coast.

D. & P. GLOVES

A new pair, if
seam rips
here or anywhere
else

A new pair, if
seam rips
here or anywhere
else

A new pair, if
seam rips
here or anywhere
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The D. & P. Guarantee has no "string" to it.

OUR GUARANTEE, short and strong, reads:—"This pair of Gloves is sewn throughout with Belding's Prize Medal Silk and is *guaranteed not to rip*. Should they give out in the seams, return to The Dempster & Place Co., Gloversville, N. Y., with this ticket and *a new pair of gloves will be furnished free of charge*." No time-limit—no "if," "but," "yet," or "otherwise,"—no ruse or "catch." The "D. & P." Guarantee says as plainly as homely, hard-hitting English can say it:

"A New Pair For Every Rip In Any Seam From Any Cause"

WE could not afford thus to guarantee "D. & P." Gloves with the strongest *Guarantee ever given*—we would not dare thus to pledge ourselves publicly to *replace every ripped "D. & P. Glove*, were we not sure of the quality of the material and the integrity of the making from tip to wrist. Ask yourself, could we—would we?

"FIRST-PICK", leather tanned to mellow softness; searching inspection of every part of every skin for strength, suppleness and uniformity; accurate sizing and the indescribable "smartness" peculiar to them make "D. & P." Gloves the proudest product of American skill.

"D. & P." Gloves are made for nearly every purpose and occasion and retail for \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and up, and as low as \$1. Being the better sort of gloves, they are for sale at the better sort of men's dress shops and departments throughout the United States. If your dealer hasn't "D. & P." Gloves in stock, he can get them for you. If he doesn't, we'll send you our *Glove Book A*, that pictures and describes the leading styles and from which you can order safely and conveniently by mail.

Look for "D. & P. Make" inside
the WRIST of every glove you buy.

THE DEMPSTER & PLACE CO.
GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

MENTOR

Comfort Union Suits

Looking Backward

This man is looking at the back of a MENTOR suit to see why it fits so comfortably. He is finding the reason in the broad flaps, with two buttons, insuring perfect covering of the body and a neat fit. This is only one of many features that make MENTOR suits ideal for comfort.

Made in Cotton, Wool, and Silk and Wool, in thirty different combinations and weights, selling from \$1.00 upward.

Mentor Suits are sold everywhere. Buy of your home merchant who advertises them.

To Dealers:

MENTOR suits sell, not just because they're advertised.

In fact we do only as much advertising as can be legitimately charged to selling expense, and do not add it to the price or take it from the value of the garments.

A man may buy his first suit because he has read this advertisement, but what will make your business grow is that he'll come back for more and tell his friends about them.

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MENTOR suits sell on merit, and a MENTOR agency is a mighty valuable asset to any merchant.

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the old and young awake with a smile—fully rested and refreshed—ready for the work or play of the next day.

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Avoid "just-as-good" imitations. Our trade-mark is your guarantee. When necessary we ship mattress 6 ft. 3 in. long by 4 ft. 6 in. wide, weighing 45 lbs., express prepaid, on 30 nights' free trial, same day we get your order. Money back if you want it.

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The "Ladder Feed" Prevents Flooding
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The 14 kt. Gold Iridium pointed pen is the best made.

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Correspondence-Study Dept.
HOME STUDY
19th Year

U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

Solid Oak Extension Dining Table and Chairs \$20⁵⁰

48 inch, Round Top, Pedestal Dining Table, extends to 72 inches, \$13.50. 4 Dining chairs, \$7.00. 6 Dining chairs, \$10.00

This sensational price is made possible by our original method of manufacturing in sections and shipping in a compact package which may be unpacked and the furniture made ready for use in thirty minutes. Don't confuse this furniture with cheap furniture. We manufacture quality furniture only.

Brooks Manufacturing Company



109 RUST AVENUE

The oldest and largest firm of its kind in the world

Making Orchards Grow in Desert Lands

(Concluded from page 22)

top. This is done by cultivating after rains as soon as it is advisable to go onto the ground.

Every year that this is maintained the moisture sinks deeper into the soil. Mr. Parsons now estimates that he has ten feet of moisture under his cherry-trees. With a common auger he makes borings and brings up from beneath the mulch a core of soil that is fifteen to twenty per cent saturated with water. Then he will walk twenty feet away and bore into the roadway that has not been mulched, and the auger brings up only the dry dust of a desert.

Work and—More Work

HERE is Mr. Parsons's recipe for planting a desert-land orchard, and it will be observed that the principal ingredient is work and—more work: "Cultivate the land one or two years before planting, so as to have about three feet of damp soil. Set the trees in this, and they are drought-proof. Young trees use up so little water that the orchard soil gains in moisture every year. Cultivate about twelve times a year, once quite late, to turn in the fallen leaves for fertilizer. After five or six years there will be ten feet of moisture. Dry years make no difference, as the trees will thrive on water that fell two or three years before. When this orchard was young (it stands on a gently sloping hill facing southeast) it was plowed in furrows every twenty feet during the winter, so as to catch and hold the snow. The trees are big enough now to catch their own snow.

The tree roots have reached a surprising distance in my little time. In ten years an apple-tree's roots will reach 20 feet every way, covering at least 40 feet in diameter. On a square 40 by 40 feet, 60 tons of water falls annually with our normal precipitation. Plant trees 40 feet, cherries and plums 20 feet, and small fruits 10 feet apart. Space means moisture. To catch the quick summer rains we run a disk across the slope in the rows, which hollows them out, leaving a place to hold the water. In the fall I reverse the disk and fill up the hollows, cultivating the land to prevent evaporation. We prune the tops and keep all the trees 'low-headed,' to prevent sun-scald and breakage from snows settling on the branches. Dry-farm trees do not winter-kill like irrigated trees, are less sappy in winter, and frost can not burst the cells of the bark so easily."

Mr. Parsons's orchard contains 2,000 cherry-trees, a large part of which are sour pie cherry, the slips for which were brought from the dry steppes of Russia, and are natural-born drought resisters; the rest are Montmorency and Morellos and the May Duke sweet variety. His apple-trees are Russian Yellow Transparent Duchess, Tetofsky and Alexander,

Wealthy, Ben Davis, Jonathan, McMahon's White, Delicious, and the Florence crab apple. The currants are 1,400 bushes of the London Market variety. The rest of the fruit grown is the Lombard and Mission Greengage plums, fifty grape-vines of the Niagara, Wonder Diamond, and Concord varieties, and a hardy peach that has withstood three winters and should bear fruit next year.

Profitable Crops

ALL of this fruit is grown at an altitude of 6,000 feet, where the normal precipitation is 14.5 inches; in the year 1911 only 3½ inches fell from January 1 to August 1.

Fruits will grow in a semidesert without artificial watering, but does it pay? Mr. Parsons says it is easier to grow an orchard than it is to grow a crop. His trees began to bear in 1900, and from that time to 1910 the owner sold \$5,000 worth of fruit. Against this is figured \$600 paid out for trees bought in thousand lots; cost of cultivation, \$60 a year; cost of pruning and replanting, about \$20 a year. An ordinary crop of cherries brings in from \$1,000 to \$1,500. The price of raw land in this region is about \$10 an acre.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—At Colorado Springs, Colorado, on October 16-20 inclusive, the sixth International Dry-Farming Congress will be held. In a letter to *COLLIER'S*, Secretary Burns says:

"If the plans of the Dry-Farming Congress are successful, it will not be long before the farmer will have adopted business methods in the operation of his farm and home. The farmers have been too prone to look for profits to be received today rather than the establishment of a permanent business.

"The time has come when the American farmer—by all means the most independent citizen—must be made to think for himself. The Dry-Farming Congress holds that each farmer must be a 'scientist-layman,' knowing his soils and how to treat them; knowing his crops and how to grow them. He must know the value of each crop and its effect upon the soil; he must study the feeding of the soil, the conservation of the moisture through proper tillage; he must be a seed breeder and understand the reasons for up-breeding all crops. He must learn to handle the farm much as a successful manager would handle a great mercantile establishment.

"We claim nothing for the Congress except that it seems to be the psychological hour for the development of a general uplift in agriculture, and that this Congress, through its perfect and representative machinery in this and other nations, has succeeded in taking hold in a vigorous and practical way on what seems to be the most vital problem now facing humanity."

A Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR:

ME being one of your profession, I have done a lot of writing in my time, In common prose and fancy rime. I've edited the "Bugle" here For almost twenty-seven years, And served my time, before I rose To editing and verse and prose, At setting type, and long before I got advanced I swept the floor And did odd chores about the shop. I never would have gained the top, Advanced to this exalted level. But for work that raised the devil.

I RECKON your experience In climbing to the eminence Of editing a magazine Has been the same as mine has been, And so I know that you will be Right glad to correspond with me. I ain't the kind to criticize A brother editor that tries To fill his space with ads and jokes, I ain't the kind of cuss that pokes And criticizes other men That makes their wages by the pen—Not me! I like your method fine. You've got a better scheme than mine.

TO me it's wonderful surprising How you peddle advertising To the folks in your home town. I couldn't make so much go down With my subscribers—they want news, Not ads for shaving soap and shoes. My customers all want to know Just when their friends and neighbors go A-visiting, and who is sick Or dead, and cures for Texas tick, And recipes for jam and pie, And who is born, and when you die— My obituary column Is dignified and sad and solemn.

I WRITE a poem now and then When indigestion gets my pen Too tangled up to fill the space I've got to fill to hold my place. I hope you'll answer me this question: How do you treat indigestion? You must suffer like tarnation From the stack of inspiration For the jokes and verse you write— Must be busy day and night. But I must close, hoping you Reply with just a line or two— We editors should get together.

Truly yours,
ZEKE MERRIWETHER.

Marion

1912

An X-Ray View of The Marion Proves Its Uniform Superiority

To strip and analyze the Marion car—in short, to give an X-ray view of its mechanical construction—is to reveal, not only the Marion individuality, but its predominating and uniform superiority.

In your rigid scrutiny and examination of this car please note the transmission. Two rows of ball bearings where only one is used in other cars selling at the Marion price mean fifty per cent increase in efficiency and fifty per cent decrease in all possible non-efficiency. The maximum motive power is therefore delivered at the wheels and constantly available.

There is absolutely no power lost between the point where the power is made and the point where it is used.

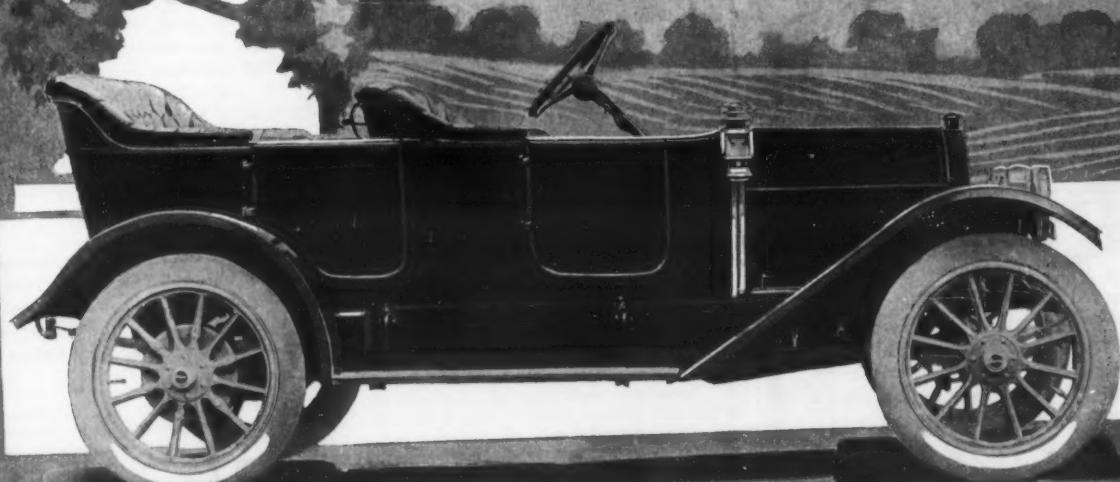
By the adoption of aluminum castings instead of gray iron for the Marion transmission and differential housing, as is exemplified in standard

European design, the car's weight is reduced just 82 pounds. This reduction has been accomplished only by doubling the cost of manufacture.

The Executive, Factory and Service Divisions of the Marion organization are a unit in one sharp and definite policy—the production of a good, dependable and uniform motor car that will give, dollar for dollar, the real, genuine service you have a right to expect. Inspection of the numerous refinements of the 1912 Marion will prove to the most critical and exacting that here is an American car which created its own class and exclusively maintains it.

Our new non-technical Catalog will tell you everything.

THE MARION SALES COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana



The
Thirty
Five
\$1285

The Most Intimate Thing We Own

The Greeks have a saying, "Nothing is impossible to industry." American manufacturers are proving that this is so.

The word "Underwear" a few years ago did not suggest anything especially pleasing, but Cooper has evolved a *de luxe* Underwear which is perfection itself.

The Cooper people have put more value into Underwear than any one ever before imagined possible.



A lighter yarn than Cooper uses would involve quite a saving; yarn mercerized but not gassed, would not have the silky feel, but would cost less than the Cooper way. Other Spring-Needle Underwear may appear like Cooper's, but the close observer will notice that only in Cooper's are the silky feel, the elastic stretch, the perfection of fit, the beautiful finish and the long wear that indicate the Cooper original and exclusive method. People who cannot wear woolen underwear of other makes can wear with perfect satisfaction Cooper's Fine Worsteds.

None other can be "like" nor "just as good" as Cooper's because Cooper makes the machines that make the Cooper Fabric; Cooper machines are always gauged right and the right size and quality yarn is used which insure the Cooper quality and the Cooper peculiar exclusiveness.

Underwear offered at lower prices are cheaper goods, made from inferior stock and built after incorrect principles that do not give underwear perfection. Besides

COOPER'S REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Spring-Needle Underwear

is made under ideal conditions at *Bennington, Vermont*. We all like to know how and where our food is secured. We like to know the laundry that cleans our linen and how they clean it; but heretofore, when purchasing Underwear, the most intimate thing that a man or woman can own, we seemingly grew careless and accepted the first thing a salesman handed over the counter.

Some Underwear is made any way and anywhere—often under conditions that do not invite confidence nor a hope of cleanliness.

The average underwear-maker sends out any old thing, because he supposes the public does not care—but an awakening has come. People now ask, "Where is this Underwear made and who are the makers?" Unnamed, unknown underwear is not worth the buying, much less the wearing.

Cooper's Spring-Needle Underwear is made from the genuine Spring-Needle Fabric. To make sure of this, the Cooper people *make the machines that make the goods* and the machines are patented in nine countries.

Write the makers and they will send you a booklet giving prices, sizes, weights and colors in Union and 2 piece Suits, and a liberal sample of the wonderful genuine Cooper's Spring-Needle Fabric. You will never know what fine underwear is until you investigate Cooper's, which has the soft, non-irritating silky feel and that elastic spring that insure solid human underwear comfort, and all guaranteed with longest wear.

*Cooper Mfg. Co.
V. J. Cooper Pres.*

Bennington, Vermont

The originators of both machines and fabric

Red Anglo-Saxons

Born Frontiersmen Who Are Like Us Under the Skin

By EMERSON HOUGH

THE Anglo-Saxon is a born finder, maker and destroyer of frontiers. Of course, there is no such thing as a real Anglo-Saxon race to-day, and for that matter there is no real frontier. So far as we have a frontier left on this continent to-day, you will find white Anglo-Saxon savages thereabouts, and also, what is perhaps not so generally known, red ones.

Of all our native tribes, the Crees come in for about as much easy contempt as any. The whites of the West declare them the most thievish and most immoral of created human beings. But softly. The white population of the Saxon cities is more abandoned than that of any frontier. Moreover, if the Saxon race is the most dominant of the world, the Cree strain is the most dominant native strain on this continent. Its history is strangely similar to that of the white adventurers.

Saxon and Cree

THE Crees are Algonquins, and allied to their strain are all the tribes of the upper wilderness, including, of course, the Ojibways, or Chippewas. This Indian strain has shown a singular power of withstanding attacks and of increasing territory. The Iroquois formerly harried them, but where are the Iroquois to-day? Delimited and denationalized; whereas the Algonquin is marching on, born discoverer, born finder and holder of new lands. The Saxon is, above all, a robber and a rover. So is the Cree. The Saxon is a colonizer. So is the Cree. The Saxon is of all savages naturally the most drunken and the most destructive—unless we shall except the Cree. The Saxon savage dominates any new land and makes it his own because he can conquer a new environment. That also is the history of the Cree.

For the most part, our native tribes have clung to their own hunting-grounds, but the Crees are natural migrants, and their course west from the Atlantic slope is easily traceable. We are given to despising the humble Chippewa of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and to admire the fighting Sioux of the plains. Yet these same Chippewas licked the Sioux out of the northern pine forests and drove them to the cheerless plains. The Crees were no braver than the Blackfeet, but they have always had some fashion of hanging on to a country. To-day the Cree, pure blood and half-blood, is living the life he likes best in the far forests of the north. The Blackfeet are reservation Indians, who have almost forgotten how to hunt. The Cree is the most destructive hunter in the world, unless it be the white Saxon. If there were only one head of big game left alive in the world, a Cree would kill it if he could. They are the best still hunters in the world.

They are leaders, too. The Cree blood is strong, and here and there among all the tribes north of them you will find to-day Cree chiefs, leaders who have edged in, and have taken control of affairs in their own fashion. It is only within the last ten years that the Crees have gone north of the Peace, but they are edging out. They are at the base of the Rockies now, where they do not belong, and soon they will go across the Rockies. They will go north across the Hay, the Liard, the Stewart. They are going to connect the Peace and the Athabasca ultimately with the Yukon and Tanana. Their racial history is one not of extinction but of conquest.

The Wilderness Women

THE early Saxon women who crossed the Appalachians on the Wilderness Road were typically big, sturdy, upstanding female creatures; faithful, strong, rearers of large families, good providers, good housekeepers.

The early white adventurers in the far north found in the wilderness women of much these same qualities, and though the idea of color may seem repugnant to the mind of the civilized Saxon, at least it seemed not permanently incapable of being forgotten. The Anglo-Saxon has blended with native races all over the world. Compare the Eurasian with the Athabasca breed. Compare the latter with the mulatto, the Mestizo. Even the old Cherokee tribal law forbade a Cherokee to marry a negro. The penalty was death. For most half-breeds the penalty is one of racial death. Not so with the Cree breeds. They survive, grow, achieve. At eighteen the sutures of the negro's skull harden. He ceases to grow. The Cree's intellect is never done. He learns, he survives.

Not long ago, out on the Peace River,

we had as camp manager in our party a quiet, reserved, middle-aged, upstanding man called Alex Kennedy. He always had the wagons in on time, and in some way breakfast was always ready before we were ready to roll out of our blankets. Later it transpired, not through word of Kennedy himself, that this man was Wolseley's Chief of Guides in the Nile campaign. You shall go far before you find a more soldierly or efficient man than this combination Saxon; and Wolseley and Kitchener were quick to see that for getting goods over hard country, no men in all the world could touch the northern breeds. The best of the dog runners, the packers and trackers of the up country, are half-breeds. Kennedy told us one day, quietly and with no vein of boasting whatever, that once he ran from Peace River Landing to the Heart River in one day. That is about seventy-five miles. There were men present to vouch for his statement. Trips of seventy miles, even of ninety-five miles, in one day, are not unknown records even among white men, but they are very infrequent, and the records in all these matters are loose, inaccurate, for a day is indefinite, and running may be part riding. The point is, however, that the breed is the man who can best do this sort of thing regularly and as a business. Only such men as he could get the big York boats or the sturgeon-nosed scows upstream under the tracking line—four men against a weight of more than as many tons, and trotting at that wherever their feet can find a level, going for the most part along shores which try the temper of the average white hunter. The breed deck hands on the river boats in their stevedore work habitually carry loads of two or three hundred pounds. A side of pork, mostly of salt, will weigh about seventy-five pounds. The leader of the stevedore brigade will very usually demand a second side, or even a third, thrown up on top of his load. Physical prowess is the one thing esteemed among these people. They will point out to you such or such a man who used to carry five hundred pounds as a regular thing. Indeed, that weight may be called hardly unusual when a fierce physical rivalry springs up among these sturdy fellows.

Physical Prowess

ON the portage, one hundred and twenty-five pounds is called a load for a man. Not many white men can negotiate that for very long at a time, but it is etiquette on the northern portages to carry this trotting, and to sing the while. On the Grand Island portage of the Athabasca there was one man who weighed only a hundred and thirty-five pounds, and who packed six hundred pounds a distance of nine hundred yards without setting it down. I have known several men who offered to bet they could pack six hundred pounds. Johnnie Battise—how many Jean Baptiste, one wonders, have these north woods produced?—once carried four hundred and fifty pounds a measured half mile without setting down his load; and Billy Loutit once carried a heavy stove, which weighed six hundred and forty pounds, seventy-five feet up a hill, before he set it down at the place where it belonged.

In other ways besides those of sheer physical prowess these red men show resemblances to us other heathen. Temperamentally, they are very much like us. They are shrewd men, with much of the pride and dignity and gameness of the Saxon at his best. Not long ago Mr. James K. Cornwall, now a member of the Alberta Parliament, but since Klondike days a well-known trader in the Little Slave Lake and Peace River countries, brought in a horse which he was willing to sell for ninety dollars. The clerk in charge marked up the price to one hundred and eighty dollars, and succeeded in selling it to a Cree. When Cornwall heard of this trade he did not dare explain to the Indian how he had been victimized. As for the Indian himself, he said nothing all that winter. In the following spring he came out with several gaunt and haggard-looking ponies, one of which he was riding. He was leading alongside a very fat and saucy-looking horse, which bore no saddle marks nor other signs of toil, and which this trader at once recognized as the horse which he had sold.

"Well, my friend," asked the trader, "how are you and how have you passed the winter?"

"Very well," said the Cree. "I have considerable fur."

"I see you have several horses, too."

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Make any demand of the KisselKar—demand style and comfort in comparison with the four, five and six thousand dollar cars—demand standardized construction, road ability, quietness, comfort, low maintenance, and every other quality and the KisselKar will meet your demand generously.

You may feel liberal about the price you are willing to pay, but see the KisselKar—ride in it—*inquire* about it, and you will realize that the medium price represents exceptional value rather than any compromise of class or quality.



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A standard of
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Wherever automobiles are known, the KisselKar is recognized as a standard of mechanical excellence, comfort and attractiveness. The 1912 models conform to the straight line effect in body design, which, with the slope of forward fenders, give a striking distinction to appearance, while extra liberal wheel base provides for especially commodious tonneaus, luxuriously upholstered, with deep, restful seats.

In a Big Car or a Small One, the 1912 KisselKar Offers the Decisive Values

Every KisselKar model—the "Thirty" at \$1500, or the 60 H. P. "Six" at \$3000, the "Forty" at \$1850, or "Fifty" at \$2350, offers a value distinctive at the price. No other \$1500 car, for instance, has as big a wheel base as the "Thirty" or the big wheels and tires—none is so roomy. The same features apply to the entire

If you are going to buy a car, by all means first ride in a KisselKar. Write for elaborately illustrated portfolio, and name of nearest KisselKar branch.

Investigate KisselKar Trucks. One and a Half to Two Ton, Three, Four and Five Ton Trucks, and Special Delivery and Public Utility Wagons, possessing special features that reduce haulage costs to the minimum.

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The Seventh Year of Sixes Closed Cars for 1912



THE quiet, powerful "Unit Power Plant" mounted on the famous Stevens-Duryea "three-point support" adds to the comfort and convenience of these luxurious Closed Cars. For theatre, shopping and suburban use Stevens-Duryea Limousines, Landaulets and Berlines meet every requirement.

Limousines, Landaulets and Berlines of Model AA six-cylinder 43.8 H.P.

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Our Advance catalogue for the season of 1912 contains detailed information of Stevens-Duryea Closed and Touring Cars. This book also embodies interesting facts about THE SEVENTH YEAR OF SIXES. We will be glad to send you a copy on request.

STEVENS-DURYEA COMPANY
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

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Photos Direct
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NO NEGATIVES

Hustlers and wide-awake men—the photo post card business offers unlimited opportunities. Small investment—Big Profits. No experience needed. Be independent and start your own business. Big money to be made at fairs, carnivals, etc., etc.

Mandel Combination No. 3 Camera
This camera makes two style photos (size 3 x 4½ and 2 x 3) direct on post cards—no negatives. A complete "portable photo gallery." Camera weighs 3 pounds. Pictures made and finished on the spot in one minute. Price of Camera, \$17.50. Complete Outfit Only \$26.

100 small post cards. Send \$5 deposit with order, balance C. O. D. Write for free circulars.

Chicago Ferotype Co., Dept. B49, Congress and Laflin Sts., Chicago

HAVOLINE MOTOR OILS
FOR AUTOMOBILES

Lubricates: Burns Cleanly. Write for Booklet, "The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication." HAVOLINE OIL CO. INDIAN REFINING CO. DISTRIBUTORS: New York Chicago Birmingham Ala.

All Garages All Dealers

914 Kohl Bldg. San Francisco, Cal.

Also made in 12 gauge

Model 50 Union Repeating Shot Gun \$22.50
20 Gauge. Weight 6½ lbs.

Just the gun for apartment. Lighter and just as effective as 12 and 16 gauge for small game. Barrel—Genuine Krupp Steel—.20 and 12 gauge chokes. Stock is hand held, straight American black walnut, half pistol grip and hand held hinged checkers. Weight 6½ to 6½ pounds. Hammerless. Positive action, automatic, double discharge; can be thrown off and trigger pulled with same movement of finger. Top Rib. Multi-grove, full length top rib if desired, although it increases weight from 3½ to 4½ of a pound. Price, extra, \$1.50. Union Shot Guns are the best on the market, price, workmanship and shooting qualities talk for themselves. Call on your dealer right now. If he has not got it in stock, write us direct. 1911 catalog showing full line of double and repeating shot guns furnished free on application.

THE UNION ARMS COMPANY, 614 Auburndale, Toledo, O., U. S. A.

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3-IN-ONE oil immediately removes stains, spots and scars from piano cases and all fine furniture. It restores the original lustre and a bright lasting finish. Just a gentle rub with a rag moistened with 3-IN-ONE and any varnished or veneered surface will shine like new. Contains no grease or acid to soil or injure; has no disagreeable varnish odor. Try it at our expense.

FREE Write at once. Give name of your dealer. Get a sample bottle and "the new men" to polish places absolutely free. Library slip packed with every bottle.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO. 42 A. N. H. Broadway
New York City

SCOTCH CALABASH PIPES Price 50 cents each or 3 for \$1.00, postpaid.

Why kill yourself by smoking a strong pipe? You can get a Scotch Calabash that absorbs all nicotine and poisons and ensures a cool, sweet smoke. Money back if you are not satisfied.

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Foy's Big Book MONEY IN POULTRY TRY THE SQUAB. Tells how to start small and grow big. Describes the largest one-breed poultry farm and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators. Mailed 4c. F. FOY, BOX 24, DES MOINES, IA.

"Yes"; without even batting an eye.
"And one very good one."

"Yes."

"But, my friend," said Cornwall, "this horse is fat and strong. I see you have not been using him at all. Why do you keep this horse fat all winter—I don't see how you managed it."

"My woman went out in the prairies and cut hay for him with her butcher knife," the red man answered. "Yes, he is a very fat horse. I could not do that for all my other horses."

"But why should you do it for this one?" demanded Cornwall. "Don't you buy a horse to use?"

An Ornamental Horse

THE old man did not commit himself even to the glimmer of a smile. "This was a very high-priced horse," said he. "I really couldn't afford to work that kind of a horse—he cost too much. I see you white men have watches, rings, shiny things which you value but do not use very much, only to look at. They tell me that in your houses back in the cities you have a great many things that cost much money, and that you only look at them. That is to show how rich you are. Very well. This horse cost me a great deal of money. He is no common horse, because you charged me twice as much for him as other people pay for horses. He is, therefore, a thing to be looked at and not used. I am rich enough to keep him for that purpose."

"Wasn't he smooth in getting back at me?" asked Cornwall. "And wasn't he game?"

There is something in the heart of the red Saxon which admires the quality of gameness. He can take his medicine and not squeal. We give this quality to the real Saxon gentleman of our own race. Above all things we pride ourselves upon being sportsmen. In his own crude way, the Cree sometimes comes close to being that same sort of man.

Of course, to-day the Dominion Government still has on its hands something of a color problem. The breeds have alienated most of their land scrip, and they remain in some part improvident and in large part idle. They do not like to work steadily. They love the wilderness, just as we Saxons love it by every instinct. The plow is advancing farther and farther north into the wilderness. In part the Cree flees before it, and in part he is beginning to become adjusted to it. He now raises a little wheat, a few vegetables. His main life, however, is in the open. He kills wild meat, he loves the chase for the sport of it, just as we did, and do still. If his religion is one of fear, so is our own. His life is one of happiness. Ours is not. If prosperous, he shares with those less fortunate. We do not. We are scholars, students, philosophers, philanthropists—but still heathen, still inconsistent, still brutal and heartless. Just for a short comparison, soon to be forgotten, why not abate a little of our own heathen egotism, and mark up a merit or so in the name of these chaps, in so many singular ways so much our brothers?

Kindred Savages

AS to the future of the Cree, he simply will do the best he can. He will go on moving and conquering until he runs against some stronger people and gets licked. So will we. Until that time these two savages will be kindred, and in some particular allies.

Cree blood mixed with Saxon is all over the world to-day, and high places are not unknown to it. Lady Strathcona is part Cree. The wife of Sir George Simpson, the greatest governor the Hudson's Bay Company ever had, was Indian, and the daughters of this alliance shone in British society years ago. Sir Edward Clouston, president of the Bank of Montreal, is half Cree. The wife of Senator Lougheed of Calgary is half Cree. The late Premier John Norquay of Manitoba was half Cree. In Winnipeg, Cree blood is known and accepted in the best business and social circles. Collector of Customs Strang is part Cree, his wife half Cree. Sheriff Inkster, another much respected man, is also of mixed blood. Indeed it is almost fair to say that this blood is known in most of the really old families of that city and that province, and there are few native-born and over forty years of age who have not a trace of Cree or Ojibway blood. It carries no sort of ignominy. In the far Northwest there is no such term known as squaw man.

Why should these things be true? Look in your mirror, if you be entitled to call yourself Saxon. Drunken, thieving, unscrupulous, bloodthirsty, immoral, polygamous, generous, game, bold, honorable, adventurous, land-covetous, conquest-seeking, loving the open, devastating the wildernesses of the world—how much different are you from your brother?

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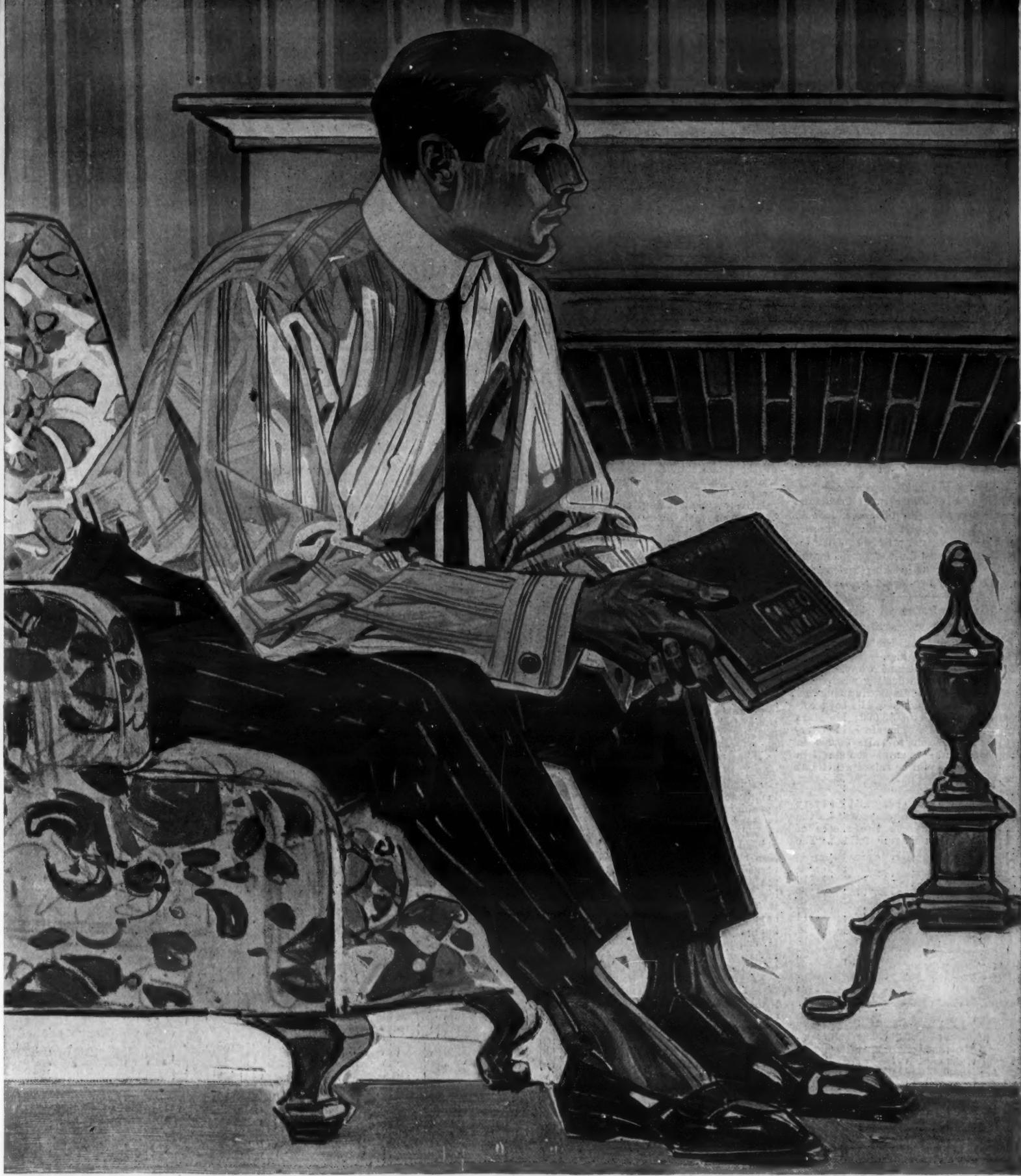
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The Average Man's Money

A Page for Investors

CURRENCY reform is coming; at the next session of Congress, which meets in December, the subject will occupy a conspicuous place on the program. Former Senator Aldrich's plan has been before the country for months (Pierre Jay explained it in Collier's for February 18), bankers have pressed upon the business people the necessity for action, and the leaders in business are active. There is practical agreement as to the necessity for legislation; and some plan similar to that proposed by Mr. Aldrich suits the great majority.

In another place on this page a small-town banker gives his opinion of what the reform must do. Next week, on this page, John V. Farwell of Chicago, a strong leader of business in the Middle West, and president of the recently formed National Citizens' League for the Promotion of a Sound Banking System, will discuss the constructive legislation needed.

Investing for the Son

By W. S. WEBBER

LET us suppose that the father is an average business man—one who can watch his investments and exercise ordinary business sense in dealing with them.

The problem before him is educating and starting his son in business. His boy's college education will cost \$3,000; his start in business the same. Therefore, it is necessary for the father to raise \$6,000 in twenty-three years—when his son starts in business. This should be raised a little at a time.

My plan is this:

On his son's first birthday and on every birthday thereafter, for ten years, let the father purchase outright two shares of standard stock. An example follows. The figures are those of August 29:

| | Price | Income |
|---------------------------|---------|--------|
| 2 Atchison pref. | \$204 | \$10 |
| 2 Chi. & N. Western | 282 | 14 |
| 2 Del. & Hudson | 330 | 18 |
| 2 Gt. Northern pref. | 244 | 14 |
| 2 Northern Pacific | 231 | 14 |
| 4 Penn. R. R. | 241 | 12 |
| 2 Union Pacific | 334 | 20 |
| 2 Am. Car. and F'dy pref. | 236 | 14 |
| 2 Pullman | 313 | 16 |
| 2 U. S. Steel pref. | 229 | 14 |
| 2 Va. Car. Chem. pref. | 237 | 16 |
| | \$2,881 | \$162 |

We will suppose that he has held each share from the time bought until the eleven years expire. At that time my plan is for the father to sell out these stocks and invest the money in bonds which mature in ten years. An example:

Cent. of New Jersey Amer. Dock & Imp. Guar. 5s, due July, 1921.

C. & N. W. debent. 5s, due April, 1921. These bonds should mature in time to set the boy up in business.

After the first \$3,000 has been invested, the father must start again to save about \$275 per year for five years. He may use the same plan as before or not, as he pleases. When the boy is ready for college, his father should have about \$1,575. This, with the \$275 which he saves each year, should be enough.

Gloucester, Mass.

Ask for These Reports

WILLIAM H. HOTCHKISS, Superintendent of Insurance of New York State, has prepared two reports covering a recent investigation of industrial, health, and accident insurance companies. The first summarizes the findings of the following committee representing the National Convention of State Insurance Commissioners:

C. A. Palmer of Michigan; F. W. Potter of Illinois; F. H. Hardison of Massachusetts; W. H. Hotchkiss of New York; W. H. O'Brien of Indiana; Joseph Button of Virginia.

It reveals a widespread tendency among

the companies to practise petty fraud and intimidation in the settlement of claims, and it proposes certain reforms in management and certain changes in control by the States.

Industrial, health, and accident insurance consists largely in sick and accident benefits in small weekly amounts, and natural death benefits, usually from \$100 to \$500, the premiums paid averaging a dollar a month and payments being made to collectors, the amount of indemnity in each case depending upon the occupation of the insured, and the insurance being written almost exclusively among the laboring classes. This field of insurance is relatively young, and these companies have never been investigated before.

More than fifteen companies doing business in the United States were considered by the investigators. A special report by Mr. Hotchkiss on the United States branch of the General Accident, Fire, and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited, of Perth, Scotland, is worth getting from the Superintendent's office at Albany. It is a volume of rare interest, as showing the resourcefulness of this kind of insurance cheaters.

A Specific Opportunity

FROM a section of South Dakota where the settlers are enduring a second year of drought and short crops comes a letter pointing out the opportunities to buy land now at bargain prices. "What

A Small-Town Banker on Currency Reform

By FREDERIC I. BARROWS, Cashier Central State Bank, Connersville, Indiana

QOur American system of finances is a bridge across which we are all trying to travel to prosperity. It is a long bridge, and a strong bridge, but its piers are all in boats—boats that move every minute.

THERE is a country banker with a memory over four years long who has a list of banks in various reserve cities that he views with anger because of the fight they made in a time of stress for real money. In 1907 the customers of the big banks were asking for cash—many times for cash they did not need, but feared that they might need. Whenever, for instance, the New-Fangled National Bank of Colonville, Ohio, got a big check which it had paid for by drafts and clearing-house certificates, it looked to see where it was payable. If the bank was in some country town, or payable by some banker who carried no account with the New-Fangled National, it turned that check over to the express company to collect in legal-tender money; it fought bankers for the supply of real money without giving real money in return, even when the very names of the bankers were to it unknown.

Now, such a fight for money is expected, and is, in fact, forced upon all bankers. It is a part of the present system. It reaches every banker, everywhere. It reaches every man, everywhere. It menaces the business prosperity of every man, whether as a proprietor or as a laborer he depends upon the product of industry.

No man is so far from the money centers that his own bank may not be drawn into a fight for money—the express companies, in their capacity as the collectors and transmitters of actual money, put every village in the thick of the fight; and in the hour of trouble all must know that there is no more real money than there is in the hour of prosperity, when the real money must all be invested to keep up the prosperity!

Legislation is the first thing to which an American turns for any relief. Shall it not be enacted that in the hour of trouble banks shall go right on loaning money as usual, and offering to their customers a little more help than in prosperous times? Yes, indeed—if they can get the reserves of money and credit to pay when the customers use their loans; otherwise the bank must close its doors, panic or no panic!

But the banks must not be allowed to fight for money when money is scarce! That fighting for money means called loans, and that means closed factories, and that means no pay-rolls, and that means the crippling of merchant and farmer by removing his customers! Do all nations act as we?

In the one thing of forcing trouble on our banks, and thereby on ourselves, we have neglected the experience of all the

world. If we could but get all the reserves in one common and well-protected reservoir of safety, we would be protected.

If John Smith, in the National Bank of Finn's Corners, was compelled to pay ten thousand dollars to the New-Fangled National Bank of Colonville, there would be nothing for the New-Fangled National to do but to place the money from John's bank back in the main reservoir. The change would mean nothing for safety and everything as to profit. John would simply have to sell notes where there was money to buy—now such a thing is impossible.

The central banks of other countries keep the reserve money of all the banks. This prevents the banks fighting fiercely to build up reserves unreasonably large in the face of a panic, as we compel our bankers to do in order to live through the panic. Against this united cash reserve the central bank issues money in a limited amount, and with it buys the good notes of the bank which suddenly needs cash. Hence the banker sees the folly of calling his loans to get money—he carries the loans till he needs the money, and then sells the notes to the place where all the money goes!

We have thousands of banks issuing money in this country, yet here such a system will not work. None of these banks has any definite hope of receiving cash again if it is withdrawn—if it buys notes of another bank it does it on exactly the same chance as the original bank, and not like a bank whose sole business was to receive the cash coming into the banks!

But that is not all. Bank-notes are issued only on the deposit of Government bonds. When such notes are issued, they do not take the place of bank reserves with the banks, though they serve as money with the people. The bank with all its money loaned can not get relief through this, for it can make no money in buying Government bonds at 2 per cent with money for which it pays the depositor 2 per cent to use! When it needs money it must be able to sell ordinary, safe, profitable commercial notes which bear interest at 5 or 6 per cent, and which furnish the profits of its business.

When the American people awake to the fact that nothing else but a way for every bank to turn its good notes into money will ever make business as safe from panic as is the rest of the world, the problem will be solved, for the American nation has business judgment enough to see the danger to the weakest and the poorest which grows out of these bankers' fights for money and life!

we need," writes E. L. Keith, a business man of Philip who has faith in the future of the State and means to stick, "is a million dollars—either in the hands of a big-minded man who will use half of it to buy land and the other half to develop it, or in the hands of a cooperative improvement association which will do the same thing. . . . In my judgment, right here and right now is the place and time for the best and safest investment in land in the United States. Some good quarter-sections can be bought for from \$10 to \$15 per acre that will in a very few years be worth \$50 to \$100 per acre. There are hundreds of people on claims who are going to try to winter here, but who have no work to do on account of the drought this year. These people would be glad to work cheap for cash at getting the investor's land prepared for next season's crop. Quarter-sections can be bought with twenty, forty, and some even with one hundred acres broken out. It should be subsoiled to a depth of twelve to twenty inches—the deeper the better—this fall. Then as soon as we get rain or snow enough to thoroughly soak the subsoil it could be sown to alfalfa. In a year or two it would, I am sure, yield enough annually to pay back every dollar of the original investment, with good interest besides. And the land would more than double in value."

"Provided that two hundred or three hundred quarter-sections could be sold to people who would improve their land. Thousands of claims out here are mortgaged for from \$300 to \$800, and the money has been used to live on and to buy reapers and binders and machinery to harvest the crops that did not come and will not come until the land is broken deeply and advanced methods of moisture conservation are used."

"I am sure this land west of the Missouri River will be worth as much as the land on the east side, which now sells for \$30 to \$100 per acre."

The "Broker" Game

QThe operations of two more or less rare species of financial sharks are described in the letter printed below. They are the men who undertake to market the stocks or bonds of a company on commission. At the end occurs a pertinent question: Why should the Post-Office Department allow them to use the mails freely?

EDITOR "AVERAGE MAN'S MONEY":

SIR—Your paper has waged war on many financial crooks, but there is one I have never seen exposed—the so-called broker who sells stock for reliable companies on commission.

He asks no advance fee, but he wants the company to advance from \$200 to \$1,000 for the engraving, etc., of the bonds, and he will recommend a company to do the work. If you suggest that, as the bonds are not issued till sold, he may take the cost of engraving out of the first sale, he becomes indignant that such a proposition should be made to an old reliable firm like his.

When you do advance the money, a few letters of the hopeful sort—vague promises of immediate sale—and perhaps a photograph of his fine office and large force are all you get—unless you care to spend more money to get him into the penitentiary.

Another sort of broker writes that they send out so many thousand circular letters, and these are followed by personal interviews from their expert salesmen—the advertising part will cost about \$500. Whatever the sum named, they ask you to advance half of it. If you suggest that thirty years in that business should have secured them a few clients who would buy without the circular letter, and that out of these sales the broker might take the total amount of expenses, instead of half, they reply that they have only one way of doing business and will not vary from it.

L. B. M.

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fairy-land, when I've my high-brow theater—and yet we've found that man can not live by his high brow alone—will you come and dance for me, Flavia, between my little, cultivated plays?"

She answered him on a deep thrill of her voice: "Ah—ask me!"

It was when she was almost past the threshold that he said to her: "How came you to think of this to-day, when the vaudeville roses are not yet dead?"

"Oh, Dan's been talking to me a lot," she said.

He didn't answer that, and when she had closed the door, there was Dan to say: "Have you told him what they said to me?"

"Why, no—not just before he's going on! What do you take me for?"

"But, Flavia, if the sketch don't make good, they'll be down on him like a thousand of brieks before he can so much as get his make-up off, and he ought to be prepared for 'em. The whole management'll be foaming at the mouth, and telling him how the past two pieces, even, weren't up to the first, and yapping for an act of 'Uncle Tom' or '1492'! And he ought to be thinking about what he's going to say to them."

"He ought not. While he's acting? Time enough, if it doesn't make good." She had been looking a little abstracted, and now she sighed. The young Champion caught and squeezed her hand; her eyes slowly filled and she looked away from him with a long blush. He tucked her hand under his arm, and then she turned her eyes to his, smiling again, and let him lead her to a seat atop of the apparatus of the Fire-Swallowers, where the two then sat, whispering busily and swinging their long legs.

WHEN Bartram opened his door, he could see by the knots of people in the wings that it was nearing Flavia's dance. After the dance followed the intermission, then came the sparring exhibition of the young Champion, and then Bartram's comedy. The middle of the program had swept all the lesser turns, like the Lady Balladist and the Irish Comedians, whose high hats and tight, trained, spangled gown he could nevertheless discern, waiting about to see Flavia as The River. The Fire-Swallowers, Earl and Carrie, hovered there too, in scarlet tights, and two ancient solemn individuals with blackened faces and pink satin dress-suits, who did negro minstrelsy to a flapping, funeral walk, rested their vacant eyes upon the gleaming girl. Bartram tied up his terrier with a strong hand, for he could tell by the music that Clemenoff's Educated Cats, with "the Celebrated Gee-Gee, the only monkey now before the public as a first-class clown," were now on; the Female Impersonator, who came after Bartram, was nervously turning some tobacco round and round in his mouth and conversing with the Champion Pugilist, and Bartram went up and joined them.

"She going to do The River?" asked the Female Impersonator.

Bartram answered: "A holiday house—I suppose she'll have to."

Every one who heard him heaved a sigh of satisfaction; he himself was looking forward to a joy. But he understood so well how Flavia felt about The River, which had first brought her into prominence, and which she had danced without a change for six months; in this her next engagement she had stipulated to do it only at an irresistible encore, after her regular turn of three numbers; she so dreaded to become hardened in it, to become also identified with it so that it would clog her steps for life. He heard all round him the usual little buzz of hostile and idolatrous comment which always followed her light feet; the people who said that she had a charming personality, but of course what she did wasn't really dancing; the people who said that nothing else was dancing, and that if you did not recognize what she was after you need never, in a Terpsichorean judgment, hope to be saved. Of these latter extremists none were more extreme than Bartram.

HE could hear from the resonance of the orchestra how crowded the house was, and this gave him little lifting and hurrying of the pulse on his comedy's account, which was no more satisfaction than it was fear. He felt his nerves longing to scatter and run riot, and yet he felt the exultation which was so much fiercer and more light and sharp with hazard than that in which he raced his automobile. And all the time Flavia's proposal, funny as it was, her absurd plan, not of this world, kept whispering, distractingly, about his brain. It seemed to accuse him of weak faith, of half-measures, of hedging on a great stake—he heard the opening bars of Flavia's first song and saw her standing quietly to one side of the stage.

She leaned a little forward, in her

casual, preoccupied attitude, and began to whistle; then, angularly enough, she stretched her arms straight in front of her, palms outward; between these extended palms her gleaming, mischievous, mysterious face came furtively forward, and in the dialect of some Bowery den, in a voice that was scarcely more than a thrilling whisper, the voice of the lower New York Streets as it begins to lift itself to the night, she began to sing:

"At dark, at dark on Cherry Hill,
Wid de gas-jets flarin' bright,
Wid de singin' sailors never still,
And de dancin' all de night—"

she went on through the love of some gutter waif and his Mame, and when the words which were no more than her motif had ceased and she had begun to dance them, Bartram forgot his nerves—he was lost in all those crowded nerves on Cherry Hill, he felt the throb of the dance-hall, the hush and the fever of the outside dark, and in the rich insinuations of every note and every simple and half-boyish movement he met the voice and the hopes of the singing sailors, and the hot glare of the gas-jets flaring bright. She excited one like a warm, crowded dusk, throbbing with veiled life and surging impulse; a dusk with wine in it perhaps, with dust in it certainly, and tired, undaunted movement and inarticulate, vibrating hearts; it became, that little song of a tough youth, the folk-song of a people, and she made you one with it and with its life, at once fresh and turgid and how unsatisfied. She did this with the charm, with the alleviating glamour of the artist, and then she stood still and was no more than a tall girl in a pink and white frock, modest and a little gawky, a trifle breathless, with bright, ranging lowered eyes.

From this she swung into her coon-song:

"Miss Katie at de cake-walk
Move jes so,
Cawn-tassell on a stalk
Swing jes so—"

It was a lesser but a more delightful effort; there was more deliberate witchery in it; Flavia dancing rag-time, lending herself to prettiness and captivation—but how wild, how young, how quivering with a triumph sensuous and provocative and innocent as spring, and yet touched with some vague melancholy, some pathos that smiled and swayed in the exaltation of those skimming, flying movements...

"Ah got a maghty notion,
Tu-re-lu-re-le,
Who gwine take de cake?"

It was the pathos of a simple, a disoriented race.

In those innocent days of Flavia's first dances we knew little enough of interpretations; no ladies had been eloquent about recreating moods, peoples, civilizations, and the fascinated audiences had even less idea than Flavia that she was getting at anything—least of all anything supremely cultivated and advanced. Perhaps it scarcely even knew that these were its own dreams and fugitive fancies, its own aspirations after delight that were being given back to it by a divinity of wisdom, like a glad child's. This little girl, who was so utterly sensitive to the stirrings of music, who was so impressionable to a tune, a laugh, an idea, a bewilderment, to all the unspoken and unspeakable experiences of the heart, was merely letting herself go upon that movement to melody which was her natural expression. If her mind had had little schooling but the sympathies of her imagination, these had made her the heir, not of the ages only, but of every wandering human impulse; her perfectly trained body became their medium and gave them speech.

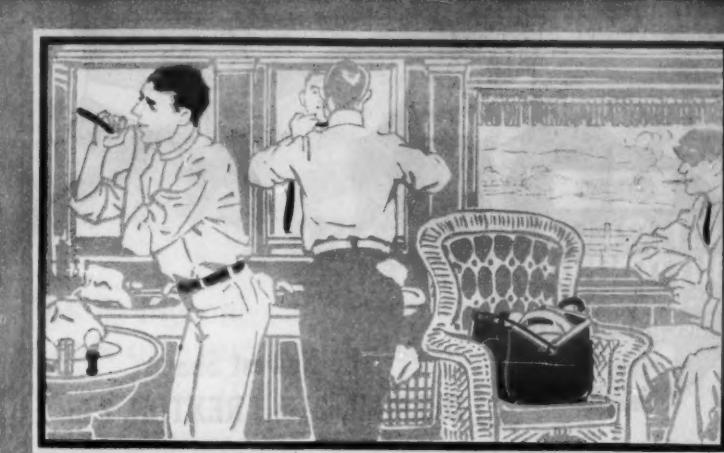
THERE was, he knew well, nothing which so freed Bartram's own heart as Flavia when she danced. A vast tenderness, a vast gratitude came upon him for all that she had shown him of goodness and beauty in their brief intercourse, a rage of regret at the folly which had insulted her and lost her, a swift upspringing of the heart to think what it should have been to win and keep her. Oh, wonderful—to lay one's hand upon that kind and radiant spirit! If he had loved her—he who in so many ways had lost so much—yet if he had loved her, would he have lost her?

Flavia was standing demurely in the center of the stage; she was maidenliness itself as she passed into the slur of her soft, barely indicated brogue:

"When she stud up for dancin'
Her steps were so complete
The music nearly killed itself
To listen to her feet—"

"And well it might," he thought, "and die happy!"

"She danced a jig, she sung a song
That took my heart away—"



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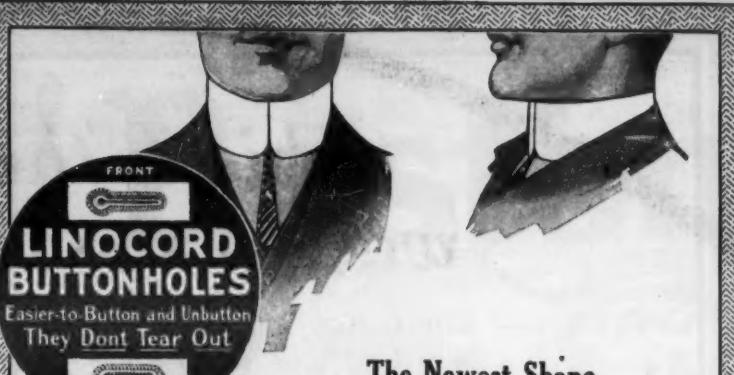
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"And all our hearts, my dear, and welcome to them!"

"Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress—"

"No, my blessing and the blessing of all of us, except the poor lout who dared to be in love with you, and not divine you!"

"Oh, might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises an' where scarlet curtains fall;
Oh, might we live together in a cottage
mean an' small—"

"Oh, anywhere!" something cried with a great leap in his breast. "Anywhere!" and his spirit crashed from its dream and stood confounded. In love with her! It was he himself who was in love with her; he had been in love with her all along! He looked around, away from Flavia, away from the stage, and saw about him the folded canvas, the painted brick of the theater; and near at hand were the Female Impersonator, the Fire-Swallowers, and the long faces of the Negro Minstrels turned lugubriously upon the Educated Cats. For Flavia had finished her turn and the spell was broken; she was responding with affectionate, frank smiles, with awkward little bows and bows, to the stamping and the plaudits of the house, to the public clamor that had begun to girdle all her life. No getting out of dancing The River to-day! And Bartram, with his absurd, new, glorious secret pounding in his veins, closed his eyes on his astonished spirit.

They had darkened the quiet stage for that last dance. She had been off and thrown a cloak over her white dress; a long cloak, loose and dark and thin; her bright head was free from it, and as yet it was only sunset on the river and the steamer was just getting under way. And Flavia danced for you—with a hoarse cry, with a laugh, with spacious movements singularly indicated by some slope of a virginal, slim shoulder—the movements of the roustabouts; the creak of the cranks and the ropes and all the swelling life of loading a boat; the calls of the boat's officers and the answering voice of the men, and even the cry of the steam and the bells; and the first delicious shudder of movement, and then its full, soft freedom between gliding banks.

As she swept down stage it became dark, and there was the sharp note of a heron and voices out of the marsh; in the long, free movements of that mystical figure, whose darkness parted over glimmering light, you felt the mists arise and the prairies stretch far away in silence and the forests dream in their sleep; till about Flavia's swift limbs a wind began to blow, and the pilot, whose heart was back there in the warm town with his bride, made a little song for her which was the refrain of Flavia's dance:

"Shine out, oh, shine out,
Evening star!
Night is long and rest is far,
Waters flow and shadows furl,
Between us, my wonder-girl,
My evening star,
I know you are
Above me, where clouds fly and night-winds whirl,
Then shine out, my wonder-girl,
Shine out, my evening star.
Oh, shine out!"

Thus, half-hid in breaks of moon and hurrying cloud, she palely shone, the evening star, what might have been the lost, first love of every man.

But with the second verse and the quickened glide of Flavia's step came the morning's pilot, whose heart was ahead of him, in the port they were making for; and light began to break over the silence of a waiting continent, and in that light you saw that if Flavia's step had seemed to drift, it had merely drifted, floated, flowed toward an immense tomorrow. In the voice of that ancient river, pouring ever toward its sea, there began to sound the promise of all the things it ran between—wheat and cotton and corn and cane and oats and rye, man's labor and his food and strength—and it was to this voice that Flavia seemed to move; she was no longer a girl, she was promise, she was opportunity, fulfillment; if, in the moonlight, with her cloak about her, she had been merely virginity dreaming on the tide, now, when she lifted her face to the coming sun, when she dropped her cloak and opened her slim arms, it was as if she opened them above the need of all things, as if in her deep breast there awaited an infinite harvest, and the rise and fall of its true breathing cradled the weariness and hope of the whole world. So the pilot of the growing day called to his sweetheart to shine out for him, his Morning Star, and then you, too, were brave in her clear radiance that was bright in the wonder of all men's hope and fair with the light of the world's desire.

And Bartram, standing there in the wings of a vaudeville theater, with his life behind him and the trial of his work before, longed to cry out to Flavia like the pilot: "Oh, shine out! Don't pause! Dance! Dance, my dear and my love; dance and show me what life is, what youth is, that I have never had! But let me see that you are not a woman and not for me, that you are freedom, that you are hope, that you are imagination, that you are light and meaning and happiness and consolation and fire, but that your grace is the grace of joy when it is young, and of the hope that we pursue, but never catch! Oh, dance, my darling! Fool, to think you could be stopped from dancing! Fool, to think we could ever, any of us, lay a hand upon you! Stoop, bend, beckon, fly, curve in your pluming foam of skirts that cling and ripple and break into spray about your slimness and your strength! Shine out, my wonder-girl! Shine out, my morning star! A wonder that I shall never solve, a star that shines upon no morning that will ever break for me!" And the last note of the music spoke in Bartram's heart—"Amen!"

Thus for a second she did shine there, bright and still, above the public's wild acclaim, before she was all earth again, and landed the boat, and shouted for the bells and the steam and the boys on the wharf, before the cool voice of the young Champion said low in Bartram's ear: "Do you wonder the whole blame audience's gone dotty?"

HE wondered then why he hadn't always known. There had been only the moment of amazement; alone, now, in his room, he felt, almost at once, that he had always known. All that still amazed him was his incredible folly, his incurable inclination to desire things too late. He, with his craving for the First Hand and the First-Rate, his passion for the Real Thing, how was it he had never been man enough to arrest, only to see and love them? The young Champion, reaching and passing Bartram's door, stretched in an eager hand. "Well, good luck, Barty! Soak 'em!" Ah, soak 'em, indeed! In this room he had said already: "Farewell, Flavia!" But war, at any rate, was left him. And out in the orchestra they were playing the call to arms.

He went out to oversee the setting of the stage. The delicate interior he had designed seemed to turn upon him a pale and chaste little smile of welcome. It might well have shuddered away from the caustic eye of Roberts, the vaudeville manager, who stood down by the footlights cleaving an unlighted cigar. "You didn't throw yourself much on this, Barty, did you?" he good-humoredly demanded. He admired economy as much as the next man, but he did feel that a paneled cupid or two, a palm, a pair of blue plush curtains, or a fancy group in terra-cotta was no more than the audience's due. The Olympian had set a magnificent standard and people expected these things. Bartram's heroine was in a white lingerie gown without a spangle; his juvenile had not even a flower in his buttonhole; only Lennie, looking very sulky as a butler, displayed a few bright buttons. The manager, falling back helplessly on Bartram's popularity, could only leave it to the audience.

BUT in leaving things to a popular personality, one should not introduce that personality in the dark. Bartram's stage was discovered by firelight and moonlight; because his dénouement depended upon a sudden blaze of electricity, he played the greater part of the sketch by a single lamp. The friendly audience was thus disaffected in the beginning by that baffling veil of semidarkness, and when the person it had paid to see declined, as "The Mask," to show more than half of his face, it was nothing less than outraged. To the sophistication of the satire which followed it listened less and less patiently; it fidgeted, it coughed, it bitched about, chewing its caramels, with a perturbed and puzzled face; it did not understand; and what it did understand it did not believe; the triumphant insincerity of Bartram's acting, the light, fine glaze catching a thousand glints of high comedy, in failing to convince it of turgid sincerities, affected it like an insult; it began to feel the rising heat of being trifled with. Bartram had foolishly supposed that because he had been able to cap pathos with farce and tragedy (things equally definite and simple) the proletarian spirit was ready for a flight upon the fairy wings of ironic comedy. The burden was too heavy; the wings fluttered, but they could not rise. The coldness of the audience clung to them like leaden weights. The actors were first aware of an absence of accompaniment, the audience was not moving with them. Then they themselves could scarcely move for the weight of the audience, and soon the



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realization that they were speaking to deaf ears crept like a paralysis on their chilled blood; it turned the delicate French room into canvas and properties, their parts into speeches that they had learned; it threw them back upon themselves, and who they and each other really were, and where, and at what time of day; and every movement had to be made as out of a quicksand, and the words dried and fainted in their mouths. That is the part which an audience may always play, in failure, if it will. Nothing more spectacular than a bad performance would have occurred if there had been no gallery.

But it was a packed, a holiday gallery, rampant. And from its midst somebody began to applaud. For a moment he seemed only an ill-timed enthusiast, then on his fellow galleryites his intention dawned. One is forbidden, by the law with a long stick, to hiss, but one is not forbidden to applaud! Yet if one applauds in the middle of a speech, if twenty, if fifty, if a whole gallery applauds—and will not stop applauding! What could be more crushing, more ironic (since irony was in the air), more overwhelming? The actors were confounded by it, as they might not have been by actual bribe-bats. The people in the orchestra seats were either amused and laughed, or incensed and hissed. Cries arose. The law, rather reluctantly, asserted itself, preferring to deal out more noise than order. Things would sink toward a lull; things would rise again. The galleryites conceived of themselves as the voice of the people, as the preservers of an ancient right—the right of driving out what did not please them. They felt like the tea-spillers in Boston Harbor, their free spirits, upon which some one was trying to impose an alien thing, like civilization, protested for itself and all the galleries to come: "Don't tread on me!" The house was as noisy as a boiler factory; except for that faint, sputtering protest from the expensive seats, it was as direct and convincing as an advancing steam-engine. All it wanted was for Dominick Bartram and Company to get off the stage. Bartram and Company, dumb creatures with set faces, continued to perform to a deaf mob. Not a sound of their voices could be heard.

ONLY in Bartram the blood ran warmer and warmer, and brighter and brighter grew the spark in his eye. He neither delayed nor hurried, his voice kept its roundness, his movements their flexible security. He was not gay; it was the fire of murder he had in his heart, yet at least it was fire, and all round him was but quaking cold. The eyes of the heroine were full of tears; they looked at him piteously, seeming to bubble: "What shall I do?" The lips of the juvenile were blue with funk, they seemed about to chatter: "I didn't engage for this, you know! You can't expect me to stay here much longer now, can you?" Lennie stood with his chin quivering and his eyes on the ground, into which he obviously longed to sink; Bartram knew he was thinking of his relatives in front.

But none of them broke, none of them failed to speak. Bartram, like a magnet for what force they had, held them, steadied them, spoke to them jokingly, in swift praise, and, pouring the gallantry of his spirit into theirs, kept them, at least, in place.

They passed on to that part of the play where he had spoken half a page long, spoken at a light, rattling pace, with infinite delicacies of facial play, with infinite glancing variations of mock wisdom and mock tenderness. He played it all out in that howling wilderness. In the prompt entrance he could see the stage-manager, with his hand on the bell, watching lest Bartram should signal to ring down; in the opposite entrance, Flavia—ah, Flavia!—craned past the young Champion with his hand clasped tight in hers; behind the set, in every wing, all round him, he could fancy the distended, staring, curious eyes of the Fire-Swallowers, the Female Impersonator, the Negro Minstrels, the genuine Monkey Clown, and the furred tails of the Educated Cats. They had all become alien to his consciousness where he had been so at home; that court of appeal, that great heart of the ultimate People, shutting its doors on his too credulous face, had locked him from his own shop as well. Ah, farewell, my last illusion and all I had to show! Oh, Actium, and sinking Armada, and Culloden Moor, oh, Waterloo! were you, perhaps, like this? The insurgents never know how it was that he tired them out; that they couldn't keep it up any longer; that they heard people next them saying: "Oh, dry up!" that, with the first full light and the raising of the mask, the hail rattled thinner and thinner, and, by and by, the storm was past.

Bartram spoke his last lines to silence, the Mask's restoration of a necklace which made the play's point was displayed to a bewildered audience, and now the play was done, the curtain fell.

More applause rose then, but of a different sort—the gorgeous, lavish folly of an audience which tries to make delayed amends by a curtain call.

"Don't take it, Barty!" his fellows urged. "Don't take it! You can't tell what they're up to!"

"Ring up that curtain!" Bartram said.

HE stepped on to the stage again, and came slowly toward the center, giving all men their chance. For a moment he stood facing the house with a friendly, caustic smile; his glance wandered up and down, amused and at its ease, and then he made a little saluting gesture toward his foes and bowed, and the curtain fell again. "Well," somebody said, "it didn't ruffle him much." But he was showing off, of course, because there was something that was so much like death black in his soul.

He made straight for his dressing-room, at the end of self-control. The pride and the hope that were bleeding to death in him required nothing so much as a quiet place in which to die, and not be watched. His life wore one tingling skin of irritability. Pity, he knew, was thick about him, also amusement, and critical judgment and superior philosophy and a faint sense of triumph. But the worst of these was pity. He was glad to have seen Flavia running from the entrance; he pushed past the Champion Pugilist's gloomy, forward surge; he tingled to the thought of how swiftly the managers would be down upon him, with what horrified, outraged cries as of the innocent, robbed; with what warnings and exhortations and commandments. They need not trouble themselves. Fine did he know that the game was up. All that he asked of managers or friends, audiences or monkey clowns, was to be let alone, not to be flapped about by their outcries—now that he knew that they didn't know why, knew now, at last, they would never know why, and never would understand. Only, what game should he play, hereafter?

And on the threshold of his room he paused. Flavia was there, half holding down the great dog that leaped joyously upon her, but looking toward the stage; and as she saw Bartram she threw forward both her arms in her old gesture of palms out, with her face gleaming above them. What she gleamed with was exultation, triumph. Her bright hair, her bright eyes seemed shining with it, her outstretched arms seemed filled with it; from head to foot she was one laughing fury of joy and fire; a flying Victory, a young Splendor, in the cloud of her rosy gown she was less a girl than an alighting goddess, and she and the struggling white bull-terrier might well have been an allegory of divine invasion, standing ready there, with the changing of a word, to cry "Rapture" and let slip the dogs of war!

Thus she cried out to Bartram in a wild, soft note that lighted, singing, in his heart: "Oh, bully for you! Oh, Barty, oh!"

He stood there, breathing the incense—no, the salt wind—of her cry when: "I never thought I'd see a row like that—and one man—I can't but be glad I've known you!" she said, and she rested her candid eyes on his. They were full of light, and in that light he saw the truth at last: why she couldn't marry Lennie, what it was she had found and wouldn't go back on, how little she and the Champion Pugilist had ever been to each other except his anxious friends. "Flavia," he called to her across the seas of his amazement, and then she was on his breast.

For an instant, on a lifetime, they stood together there with her life beating on his heart, and then she stirred and drew back and lifted to his a face all streaked with tears, and bright and wild with love. Her hands clung to him as if she were drowning, but her lips were quivering to a smile, to a whisper, in which the deep humility of that proud heart put forth a justification of its yielding. "I won't be afraid in the automobile," she said.

AFTER the matinee and the managers, at the champion pugilist, sitting kicking on Bartram's trunk, said: "You think the sketch'll go through to-night?"

"Oh, yes, we'll have a strong light from the beginning, and plenty of upholstery, and Miss Archer's going to wear a very tight princess sewn with rhinestones, and I shall at least enter without my mask, and let them see me steal the necklace, and we'll cut a lot of the dialogue—"

The champion frowned horribly, though he knew well that between rounds a man must get his breath. "Well, but Barty, to-day isn't going to discourage you about doing things artistically, is it? Vaudaville hasn't knocked you out?"

The terrier sprang up to show that he heard Flavia's step and the men rose. The great Bartram, smiling to his friend, replied: "Well, what do you think?"

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COLLIER'S is probably not a free agent in this medical matter. Under the desk, or behind the door, lurks an old school bogie, who, at proper intervals, scares the editor by fearful sounds and horrid threats.

Still, we have hope for *COLLIER'S*. Some day it will begin to think for itself.—*Life*.

The notice which *COLLIER'S* is paying to the new era of development in the South is creditable to its power of observation. No journal north of Mason and Dixon's line has been so impressed with the rapid growth of the South as *COLLIER'S*, and it is doing its full share in bringing this growth to the attention of its readers.

—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser*.

Mr. Taft talks of "those who have money enough to employ the firebrands and slanderers in a community and the stirrers-up of social hate." The words that were used against Pinchot, Garfield, Glavis, and *COLLIER'S* WEEKLY were very much of this order.

We can imagine J. P. Morgan & Company buying *COLLIER'S* but for one reason—to silence it.

—*Indianapolis (Ind.) Sun*.

• PITTSBURGH, PA. I would not be without *COLLIER'S*, as I read it almost entirely from cover to cover, even paying particular attention to your advertising which is exceptional with me, as I do not have time for reading ads., as a rule. I have great confidence in your paper, and have gotten a large amount of valuable information, which I do not know how I could otherwise have obtained. I believe you are perfectly sincere, and, as Mr. Will Irwin brought out in his articles on "The American Newspaper," sincerity is the keynote of success in the portrayal of news.

WAYNE PAULIN.

T. R. got so busy straightening out the Federal courts and pushing new nationalism that he virtually quit the fight on swollen fortunes—his own fortune swelling to some extent from best sellers—and turned his work of finding mercenary motives for the votes of Senators and Congressmen over to *COLLIER'S* WEEKLY.

—*Fort Worth (Texas) Star-Telegram*.

It is somewhat refreshing to see a journal of the *COLLIER'S* WEEKLY stripe going after the Tiger bunch.

—*Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser*.

PINE BLUFF, ARK.
I like your "Comments on Congress." It deals with the most important things, and in a clear, definite way.

J. W. JOHN, M.D.

RICHMOND, VA.
During the course of his opening speech in his campaign for the United States Senate, Mr. Martin refused to answer frequent questions by members of the audience who desired him to explain the things *COLLIER'S* has been saying about him. Later, however, he made the following statement:

"A dirty, muckraking paper in the North—*COLLIER'S* WEEKLY—said I voted with Aldrich eighteen times."

Now, sir, I do not think that *COLLIER'S* is a spiteful paper at all; on the contrary, my opinion of your paper is that it is nearer judicial in its editorials than any other paper of large circulation in this country. That is the reason that your paper is able to do so much for the right cause. LEON MAURICE BAZILE.

Evidently *COLLIER'S* has forgotten that Willie has filed a \$500,000 libel suit against them.

—*Portersville (Cal.) Messenger*.

HEALDSBURG, CAL.
My indignation has been aroused, my combativeness excited by learning of your attack on Dr. C. S. Carr's character, which is all undeserved and absurdly out of place. Dr. Carr a fraud? ha! ha! ha!!! That is even more absurd than characterizing *COLLIER'S* WEEKLY an honest, philanthropic publication...

Dr. Carr a fraud? then so were Paine, Lincoln, and Jesus the Christ. Those who live in extremely thin glass houses must refrain from throwing stones at those in solid stone structures, or take the consequences.

Hoping that some time you will learn that dollars do not spell happiness and that in tearing down a rival you may be buried in the ruins, or your missiles turn into boomerangs and strike back, I am, Yours for Justice, JOE TROUNSON.

I do not know how long it will take *COLLIER'S* to find out that the political doctors are not half as much interested in enforcing sanitation laws as they are in helping to secure a few laws that will help them throttle a withering opposition to the inefficiency of so-called modern medical science that has grown up in this beautiful land of ours in the past twenty-five years; but when this great modern Sherlock Holmes in the form of journalism secures a thorough working knowledge of medical politics, it will be after it has done a sharper piece of detective work than it has ever been called upon to do in making its numerous exposures.

—*Denver (Colo.) Stuffed Club*.

The country is in debt to Mississippi for John Sharp Williams.—*COLLIER'S* WEEKLY.

And to Alabama for Oscar Underwood, Democratic leader of the House. And (while we are about it) to Louisiana for Chief Justice White. Pretty good for the Gulf States.—*Life*.

One of the most rapidly increasing items of American foreign commerce is the trade in patent and proprietary medicines. It has grown very fast in recent years. In the last fifteen years it has increased perhaps tenfold at home and well nigh as rapidly abroad. It would hardly be expected, perhaps, that the countries of Europe would be among the largest purchasers of the products of American laboratories, yet England alone for the last three years has taken from us an average of \$2,000,000 worth per annum, and Germany, France, Austria, Russia, and every other nation in Europe are numbered among our customers. Indeed the foreign field is much more inviting than the home territory for this peculiar industry just at the present time, for they have no *COLLIER'S* WEEKLY and no Dr. Wiley beyond the seas.—*Tampa (Fla.) Times*.

The Average Man's Money page in *COLLIER'S* WEEKLY, one of the highest authorities in the world on investments.—*The Security Savings and Loan Company News*, Birmingham, Ala.

Mallory Hats

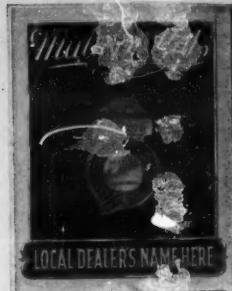
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HERE can be as much style in the hose you wear as in your clothes.

We have spent thirty-eight years at hose making. We were the first to make guaranteed hose.

For the past twelve years we have concentrated on texture, fit and color. The result is a hosiery as soft and as fine and as stylish as any hose ever made—the lightest weights, if you want them, silky and sheer and smart.

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We guarantee six pairs of cotton "Holeproof" to last six months. We even guarantee three pairs of silk "Holeproof" for men and women for three months. In all our experience we have never been asked to replace more than 5% of the product. But people, today, are buying "Holeproof" for its style.

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"Holeproof" is made for men, women and children. \$1.50 for six pairs, up to \$3.00, according to finish and weight. Silk "Holeproof" three pairs, \$2.00 for men, \$3.00 for women.

There are hundreds of imitations. So look for the "Holeproof" trade mark and the signature, Carl Freschl, Pres. (facsimile). These marks appear on the toe of each pair. The hose are not genuine unless they are there, so insist on it.

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